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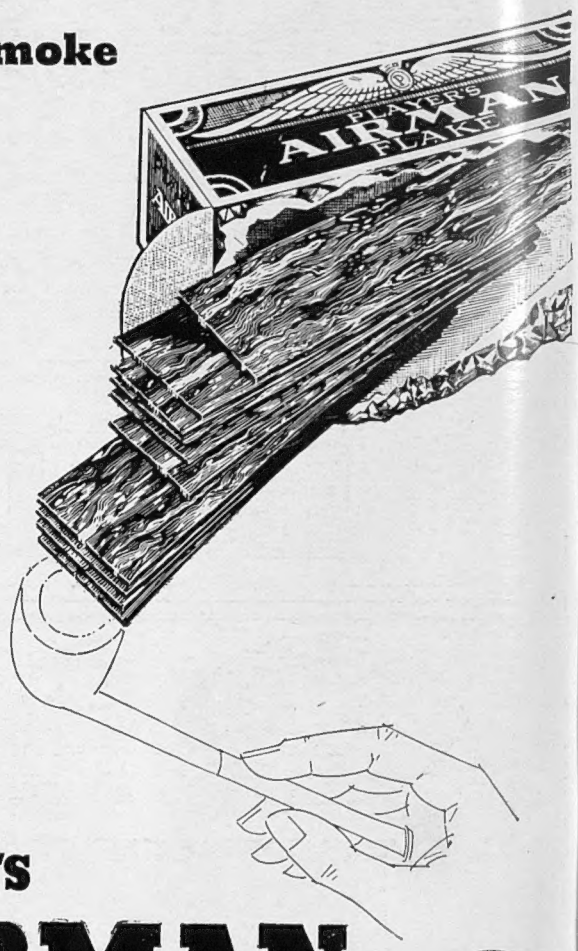

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 27, 1936

The King's 42nd Birthday

His Majesty Riding on to the Horse Guards Parade for Last Tuesday's Trooping the Colour

From the day when the Pope blessed the standard which William the Conqueror bore at Hastings, the King's Colour has always been a rallying point for the King's men, and gradually evolved from that incident is the wonderful ritual now employed by the Guards when Trooping the Colour on the Monarch's birthday, a ritual which makes it England's most brilliant display of military pageantry. Last Tuesday's ceremony on the vast square of the Horse Guards Parade was of very special significance, for it was the first of the new reign, and fortune, which seems to favour Royal occasions, granted a morning of sunshine for the event. His Majesty, wearing the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Grenadier Guards, rode from the Palace and down the Mall to the accompaniment of a storm of cheering from the thousands of his subjects who had gathered to greet him. He was followed by his three brothers, the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Kent, and by his other personal aides-de-camp, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Earl of Athlone, and the Earl of Harewood. Queen Mary, who was making her first official appearance since the Accession, drove to the parade ground by car with the Princess Royal, the Duchess of York, Princess Elizabeth, and Princess Margaret Rose

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MR. BALDWIN FACES THE SANCTIONISTS: A recent study taken at Cambridge of the Prime Minister who has been so strongly attacked in the Radical and Left-wing Press for his abandonment of an anti-Italian policy—a move in which he had the wholehearted support of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His critics might do well to remember, however, what a powerful adversary he can be when his authority is in any way challenged

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, June 24, 1936.

SANCTIONS—A RECORD OF FUTILITY.—Mr. Eden remains. His clear and determined policy in Geneva during the past hectic months is scrapped. Sir Samuel Hoare was able to listen to his successor justifying a complete volte-face and skimming over the cracks and crevasses that pitted his slippery path. He never tripped up. He skated to perfection. What has democratic Government under Mr. Baldwin shown us? That the necessity, which belonged to the age of Privilege, for Ministers to affect consistency and infallibility no longer exists. In the world of international affairs to-day necessity knows no law, honours no pledge, nails no colours to the mast. Expediency rules conduct; and courage, consistency, and constancy to ideals or bonds go by the board when the wind shifts. The League machinery has utterly failed on its first test but at all costs the ship must drive on somehow. In the changing sea, the wind is forever shifting. Now the rock of Germany looms up once more and we must make our peace with the old aggressor to maintain "the balance of Power"—a phrase snatched back from the bad old days. The National members listened complacently, France wanted it, Italy insisted on it, Australia demanded it. The still, small warning voice of South Africa, Lord Cecil's heart-cry, the voice of conscience and the lamentations of women, idealists, and moralists, all were lost in the raucous siren-call of expediency. Mr. Eden was very much at ease under the lash of the Opposition and Mr. George. His voice for the lifting of sanctions will be heard as clearly, as forcibly, as unequivocably, as ever his plea for their intensification was heard of late in Geneva. Sanctions must go because sanctions (the enforcement of the Covenant) embarrass signatories. Not to mention the fact that it is a question of £ s. d. in British industry and affects Exchequer revenue. He is a man after Mr. Baldwin's own heart and still the white-headed boy of Geneva and the Chancellories. But Ministers of State henceforth are human beings—frail, vacillating, groping creatures—like ourselves. They must never again affect infallibility or take the high line, or dare to justify their logic or consistency. They are just the slaves of expediency, the servants of Democracy; they are not members of a select profession, and we need not pay them particular deference. They are, like modern English domestic servants, a not very efficient or satisfactory lot, prone to frailty, fecklessness, and flabbiness. The Minister of State is kicked off his pedestal. He is just a groper—like you and me. Well, he always was. Now at last he can do his work in working clothes, not in fancy dress. Don't shoot him; he is doing his best in circumstances peculiarly difficult. Unlike the Ethiopian, whom he has cast to the wolves, he can, and does, change his skin.

THE WORLD AS WE SEE IT.—It seems to me we have too long lost our sense of proportion. It is perhaps due in part to the cheerless spring weather and winds from the north-east. The world is in a dreadful state, but it does us no good to live perpetually as we have been doing with our eyes on the crater, and to take no note at all in the endless kaleidoscope of crises which is our day's ration of news, of the more cheerful evidences which exist of sanity, decency, permanence, and constructive work. I am inclined to blame the B.B.C. a little for the dominant note of gravity which has in recent months characterised its news bulletins. One begins to be obsessed by the daily catalogue of crises and tragedies. What we badly need, besides more sunshine and warmth and blue sky from heaven, is a ration of optimism from Sir John. Sports news in lighter vein we sometimes get, but that is not enough. We want a little more news of stability, their business much as usual during the new French Revolution. And in England, if you would visit a factory or other big business, you would find any amount of heartening optimism and constructive planning for better trade and for happier working conditions.

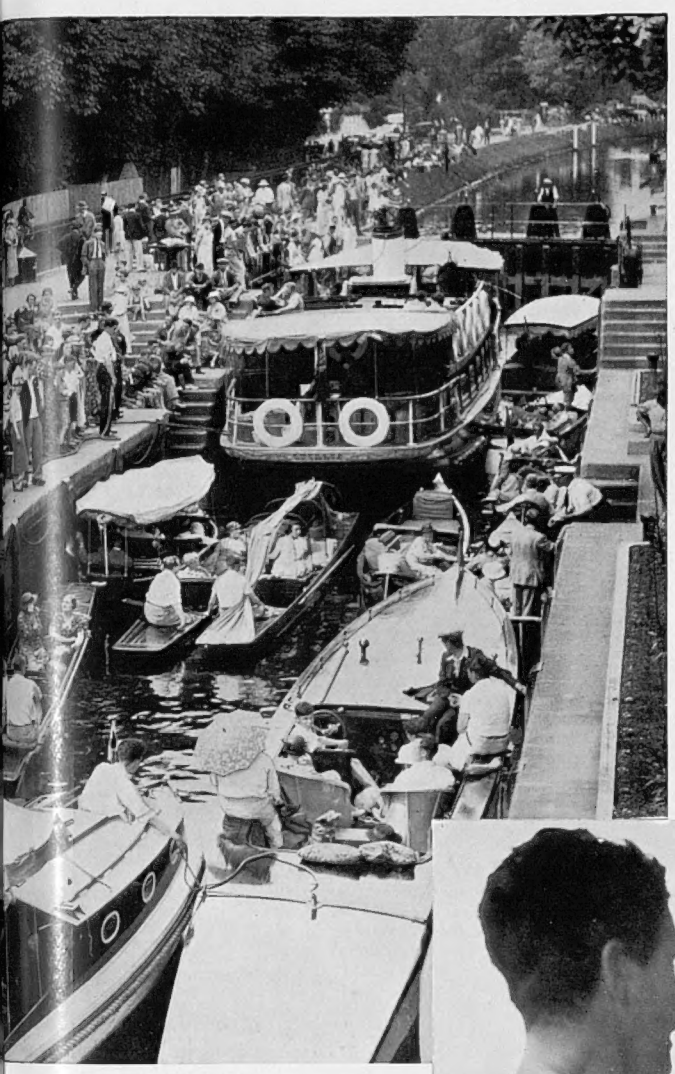
THE LONGER, SANER VIEW.—The B.B.C. could do us no more useful service than by taking note of this still, small voice, and for a few weeks at least by rationing more carefully our quota of disaster and political crisis and turning its attention rather to cheerful indications of construction and pictures of sanity and simple faith. There will be no understanding among nations until a measure of security settles in our hearts, and it seems to me that to-day all our news agencies are conspiring to make our flesh creep and to keep it creeping. *Sursum corda.* Of all these major crises, many will find no place in the chronology of events written a century hence, though hope, and progress in man's enterprises. I think my criticism, which is well-meaning, is also well-founded. A dangerous pessimism and cynicism are being engendered by the catalogue of political crises which is our evening's fare. The picture burned in my mind to-day is of all Europe sharpening its sword, tightening its belt, and chewing glass on the edge of a seething crater. This is normally our pageant and carnival time, a very important period in the year, a time for restoring sanity and optimism, and we are letting it go by. The dismal picture is one-sided even in these dreadful days. If you derive your notion of civilisation solely from a reading of Gunther's *Inside Europe* and of the B.B.C. news bulletins, you will join in a panic rush. It is time to correct your glasses. Things are bad, politically and economically, for a new world is in process of rebirth. But all over Europe and America there are scores of more cheerful scenes to be witnessed and testified to. You may pass a week in Munich and live among jolly, laughing, simple-minded people who are not for ever engaged in planning world wars or spying on their neighbours. America, too, is full of jolly, simple folk concerned with the small important happenings in their back gardens. So it is in Italy, even in Russia. Frenchmen are going about it is true we look back to the mid-Victorian age with wonder as a time when nothing ever happened. Here, for example, is the complete catalogue of events of major importance taken from *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*, 1860.

March.—Commercial Treaty with France.
May 12.—Sir Charles Barry dies.
June 23.—The Queen reviews Volunteers in Hyde Park.
July.—Failures in leather trade. National rifle shooting at Wimbledon.
September.—Lord Derby reviews Volunteers. The Queen and Prince visit their daughter in Prussia.
October.—Peace signed with China. Lord Dundonald dies.
December.—Prince of Wales visits Canada. Severe cold.

Such were the only events of "major importance" in 1860 thought worthy of permanent record by posterity! We may well look back on the mid-Victorian era as on another world. None the less, we may take heart also from posterity's catalogue and tell ourselves that crises may pass and be soon forgotten. The human race goes on, It is climbing slowly all the time despite its governments and ministers; their jealousies, panics, frailties, and blindness.

THE SCHOLAR GIPSY.—

Eton last week laid to rest its Provost with ceremonial honours and with abiding sorrow. Dr. Monty James's life and character had an appeal wider far than to his intimates and even acquaintances. I never spoke with him but once, but his hobbies and way of life always appealed to me. Here was no dry-as-dust scholar, though he was recognised as a first authority by European savants on apocryphal and dry-as-dust subjects. Rather, he was the scholar gipsy, who sang along the lanes of life and learning, dealt in every kind of wares, and often preferred to rag with a schoolboy than to discourse with an expert; or to mimic to the life a brother professor than to listen to his wisdom. In that he resembled another great man of learning—Johnson. He was always ready for a jollification with youth, and he never lost dignity or prestige in the practice. He could thrill the hearts of Eton boys with a recounting of the horrid murder of Madame de



ASCOT SUNDAY AT BOULTER'S LOCK: Crowds watching from the towpath as punts, motor-boats, and other craft passed through

la Rougière, and turn out in almost embarrassing sequence volumes on the most learned and abstruse subjects in the sphere of archæology, divinity, or ancient literature. He was an actor and a mime, and a man of immense dignity when dignity was needed. He was of the greatest assistance to Mr. Morshead when he began to set in order the treasures of Windsor Castle Library, and his word was final there on doubtful questions of art, literature, or history. Eton and Windsor he knew from cellars to garrets. He seems to me to typify Eton—not as the stern maker of a training for modern life but as the *Alma Mater* of scholarly inclined men in the days of Privilege and Leisure. He was "Eton and King's" to the life, a straggler from a dead age, for all that he never lost elasticity while he clung to tradition, nor failed to keep pace with modern youth while he blew the dust from forgotten centuries.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

—Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil, Bishop of Exeter, was the second son of the great statesman, Lord Salisbury. Lord Robert (now Lord Cecil) and Lord Hugh are his younger brothers. He was ordained nearly half-a-century ago, and after a very short curacy at Great Yarmouth, he took charge of the living at Hatfield, where he remained for twenty-eight years. He was for a time Rural Dean and a Canon of St. Albans. The great church was always well attended and he was a good preacher, and despite his learning was seldom above the heads of the simpler folk among his congregation. He had a noble presence and the face of a medieval saint, and has written and spoken some of the soundest sense on a variety of questions as widely apart as religion, politics, social problems, and sport. No man ever put so well the pith of the question of blood sports. He was notably absent-minded at times, having his thoughts fixed on problems above the plane of work-a-day affairs, and sometimes in his walks abroad he seemed to bear a charmed life in the maelstrom of traffic. He was consecrated Bishop of Exeter in 1916, after a career in the Church fairly static, but an intellectual life of wide range and importance. He wrote books on religion and science and on China. Like all his family, he was a master in the lost art of conversation and could always suit his theme to his audience.

ART SHOWS.

—Less confident in the weather than the fashionables, I spent the first fine day of Ascot in a pious pilgrimage round London's Art Shows. These free picture-shows are a notable feature of the London season of which all too little advantage is taken. That glorious little show at the Lefevre Gallery, Corot to Cézanne, exceptionally draws, as it deserves to do, a more or less constant trickle of the faithful. Here are gems of rare merit, Corot always dominating. A close examination of the facts and dates given in the catalogue reveals a rather curious and interesting point. Most of these masterpieces were painted by the artists at the end of their lives and represent the sum and essence of their experience of life and art. Many of the most acclaimed were painted by septuagenarians. It is a point worth noting. Gauguin is the puzzle of the little show. It is almost unbelievable that the same man could paint with the serenity and restraint of Corot and in the style (in his maturity) of a London Group experimenter. In London now all tastes are catered for. The squires and hunting men who commission Mr. F. A. Stewart to immortalise their "countries," notables and hounds, are enjoying themselves in the dead season in Vicars gallery. Mr. Stewart is at home in all hunting countries but I think the Cattistock, Blackmore Vale, Berkeley and V.W.H. (the West Country) are his spiritual home, rather than the shires. Bird-lovers of course have returned to Ackermann's gallery for Peter Scott's annual show. His art shows no sign of halting in its progress, and his sense of colour and design never seem to tamper with truth in Nature. Fishermen should find their way to a notable exhibition by Mr. Wallace of fishing scenes, many done on the Findhorn, that loveliest of Highland rivers. I cannot refresh my memory as this last show is not advertised, but I seem to recollect going to Jermyn Street.

MISSING MAIDS: A VOICE FROM NORFOLK.—

I have received many letters about my paragraph on the subject of British girls for domestic service. One of them is as follows:—"It is not only in the Southern Counties that the deficiency is serious. It is quite as bad this way. We have been seeking a capable girl for months, but the hotels and boarding houses get hold of the few available and they take the dole in the winter, and the villages all round are full of "little madams" idling away their time smoking and going to cinemas, while elderly folk like ourselves have to keep our houses going as best we can with the help of local charwomen (who are all too scarce), or else give up our homes to go to hydros and hotels. There are only two of us, and a nice, modern small house; good wages offered; two cinemas in the town . . . But it seems a hopeless quest . . . Is it not scandalous that our British girls are not taught domestic management and that foreigners must be brought over here while our labour market is full of unemployed men and women . . .?" Put like that, it does indeed seem scandalous, but I doubt not the Minister of Labour has as excellent an excuse as the Foreign Minister to a charge of scandalous conduct. But it seems to me it is high time that he gave that explanation to hundreds of infuriated householders.

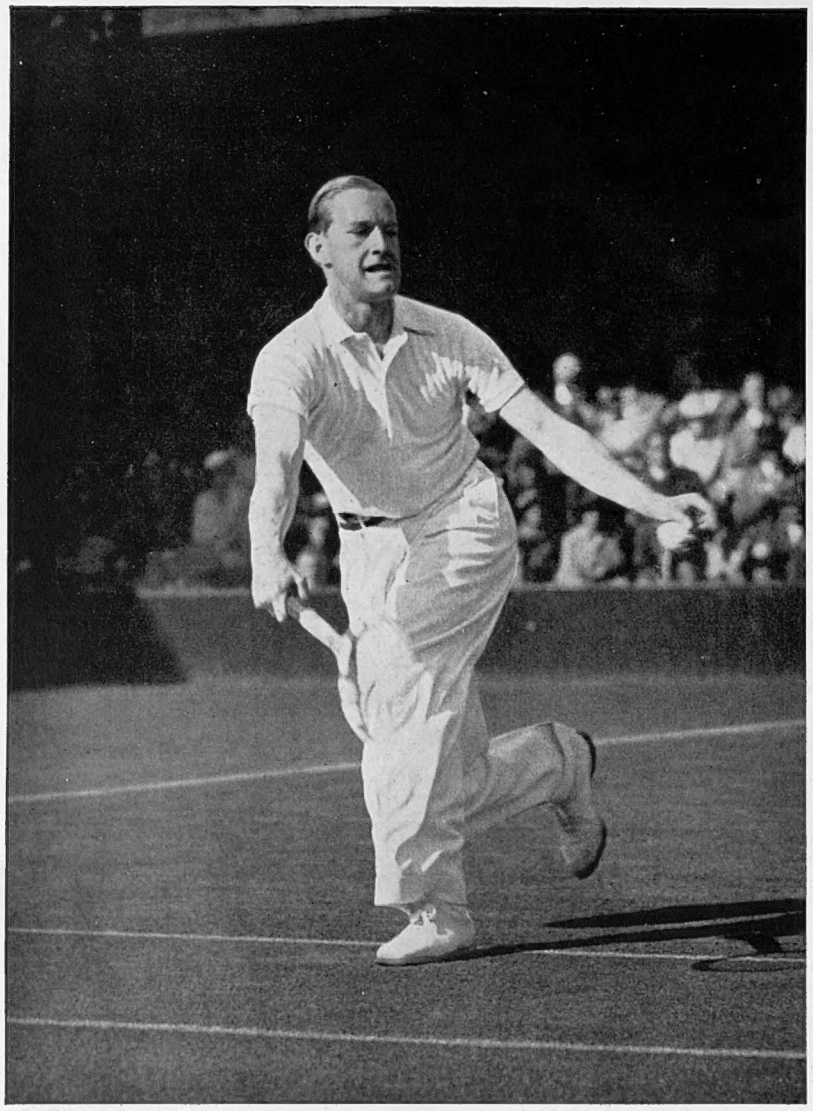
A WEEK OF SUMMER.—

It was indeed a week of weather worthy of the London Season and the English summer. The most exacting foreigner must have admitted that he got his money's worth. Ascot, so far as racing went, was a *nonpareil*. Here were gathered the best racehorses in the world, and they obliged by producing finishes as thrilling as any in turf history. At a meeting where little short of £100,000 is divided in prize money, the flies (or fliers) come to the golden honey-pot, and brilliance is assured. The butterflies also had their hours in the sun, though on Ladies' Day mud spattered many peerless pairs of silk stockings, and on two days there was an embarras of unwanted rain-coats, or menacing thunder. The Tattoo also had wonderful luck on the whole, with a record attendance of nearly half a million, of whom torrential rain drenched 100,000. One should not see the Tattoo two years running. It is a splendid spectacle, as it is a wonderful proof of army efficiency, but the menu is cast-iron and the courses are but disguised by new names. I don't quarrel with the menu. The P.T. item is a perennial joy, and the massed bands and massed colour effects under the limelights never cease to delight ear and eye. The spectacle of a British Army "doing an Abyssinia" (in the bad old days) was no doubt chosen as a corrective in this pageant of youth and peace. The Trooping of the Colour—loveliest of pageants—is not compelled by pacifists to disguise its military significance. THE OLD STAGER

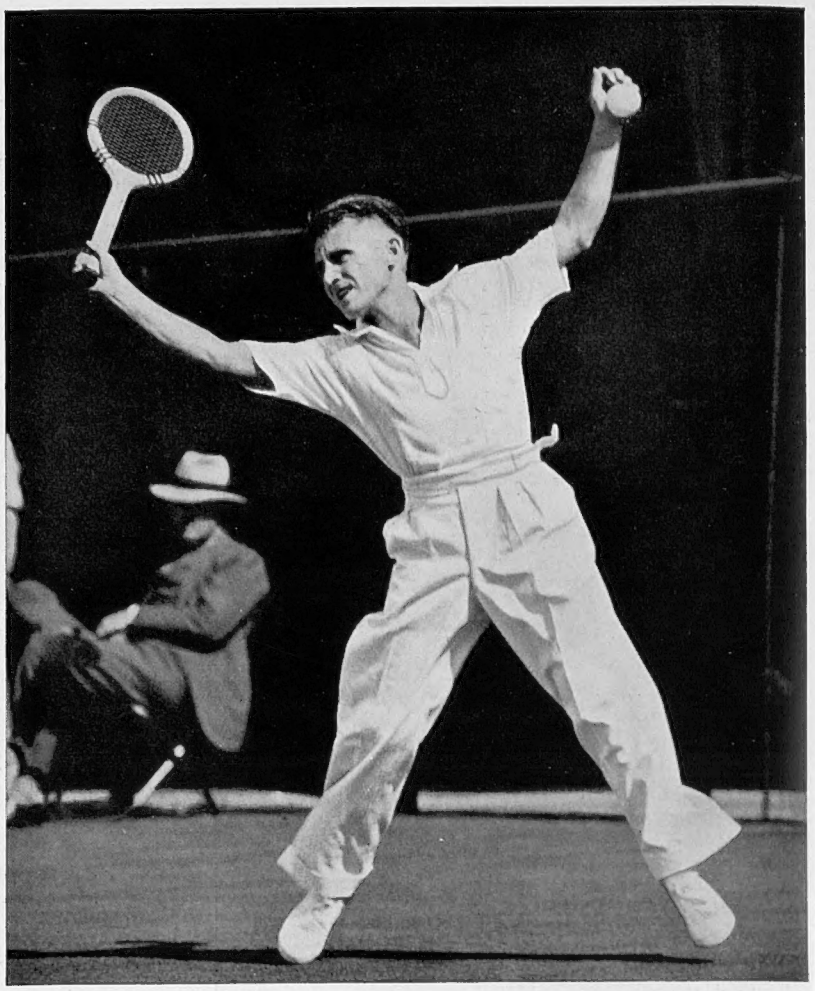
THE U.S. WIN AGAIN: Mr. Winston F. Guest, the captain, receiving the Westchester Cup from the Duchess of Gloucester after last Saturday's thrilling Anglo-American polo match, the second and last for the Cup, which resulted in a victory for the visitors by eight goals to six in a game packed with thrills and the issue of which hung in the balance until the very last few minutes. England was at one time led by 1—4, but made a desperate and very nearly successful rally that was countered by the superb defence of Mr. Iglehart and Mr. Guest

SEEKING PERRY'S CROWN

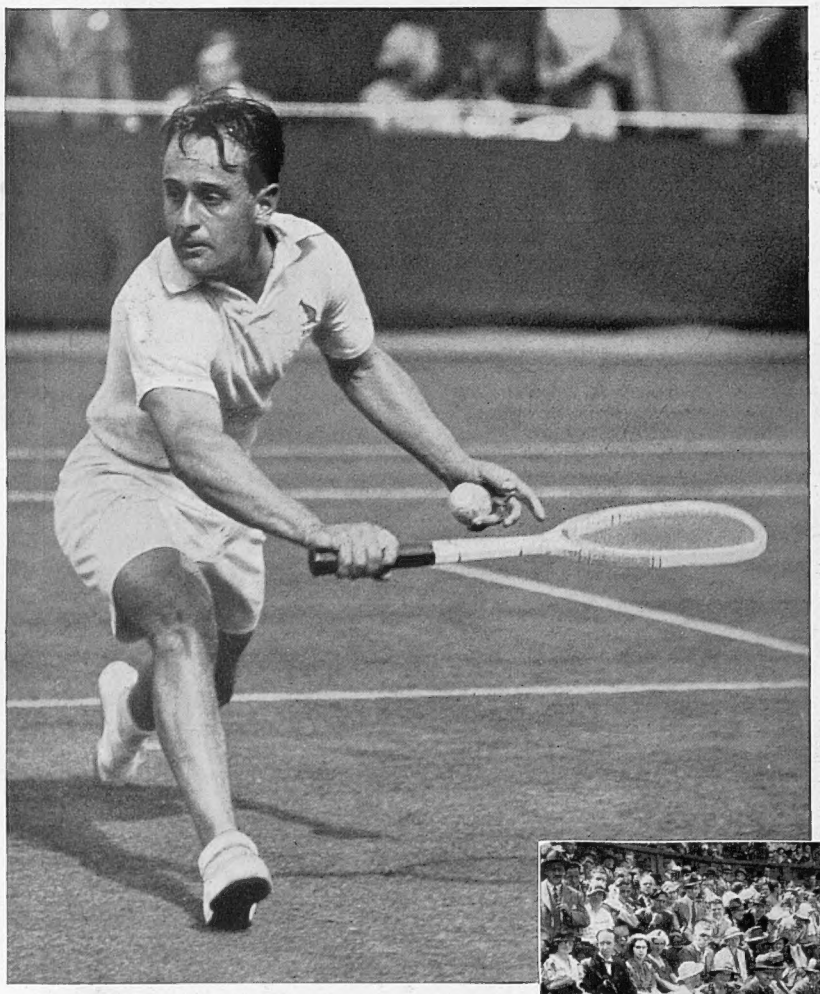
Tennis Stars in Action in Wimbledon's Opening Week



6–2, 6–0, 6–1: This was the score by which Germany's ace, von Cramm, seen here in action, accounted for G. L. France, of Great Britain, in his first round match last Monday when he revealed once again his varied repertoire of strokes and showed that he was fighting fit for the sterner contests ahead. Von Cramm believes in playing every match with the maximum concentration

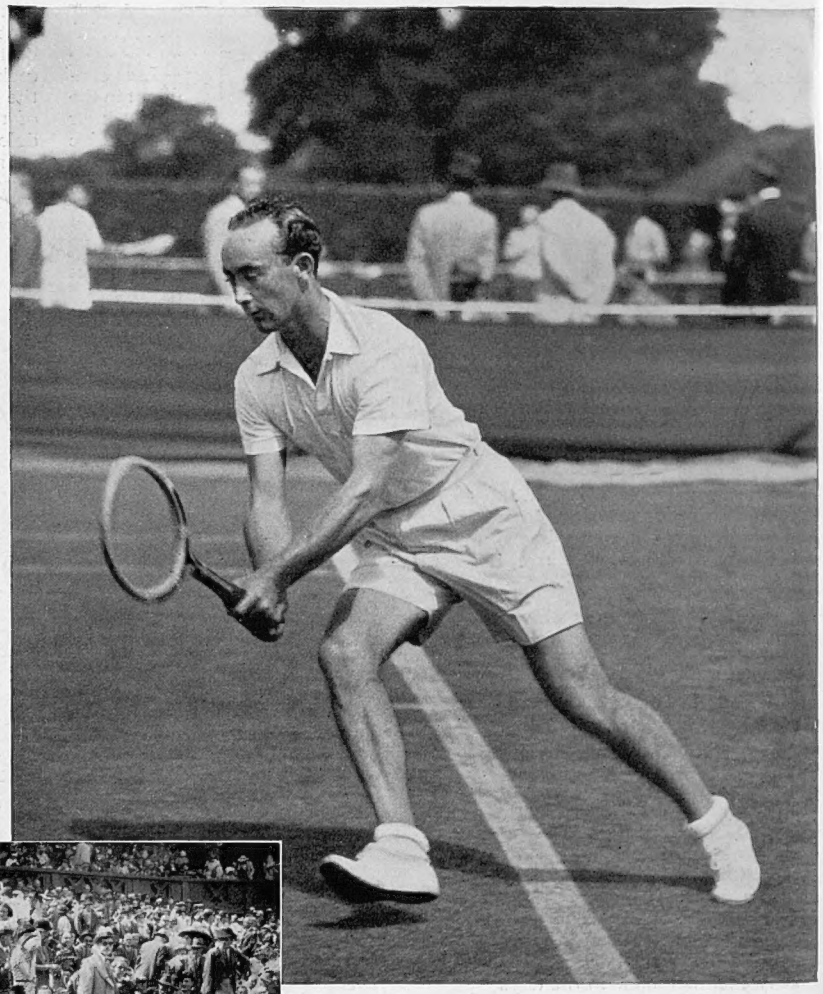


THE ATALANTA ATOM: Bryan Grant, of America, the only seeded entrant to be really tested on the opening day and who eventually triumphed against H. Henkel, of Germany, in a five set match packed with thrills from beginning to end. Grant, a diminutive but tenacious player with an inexhaustible spirit and a genius for retrieving, has clearly established himself in popular favour



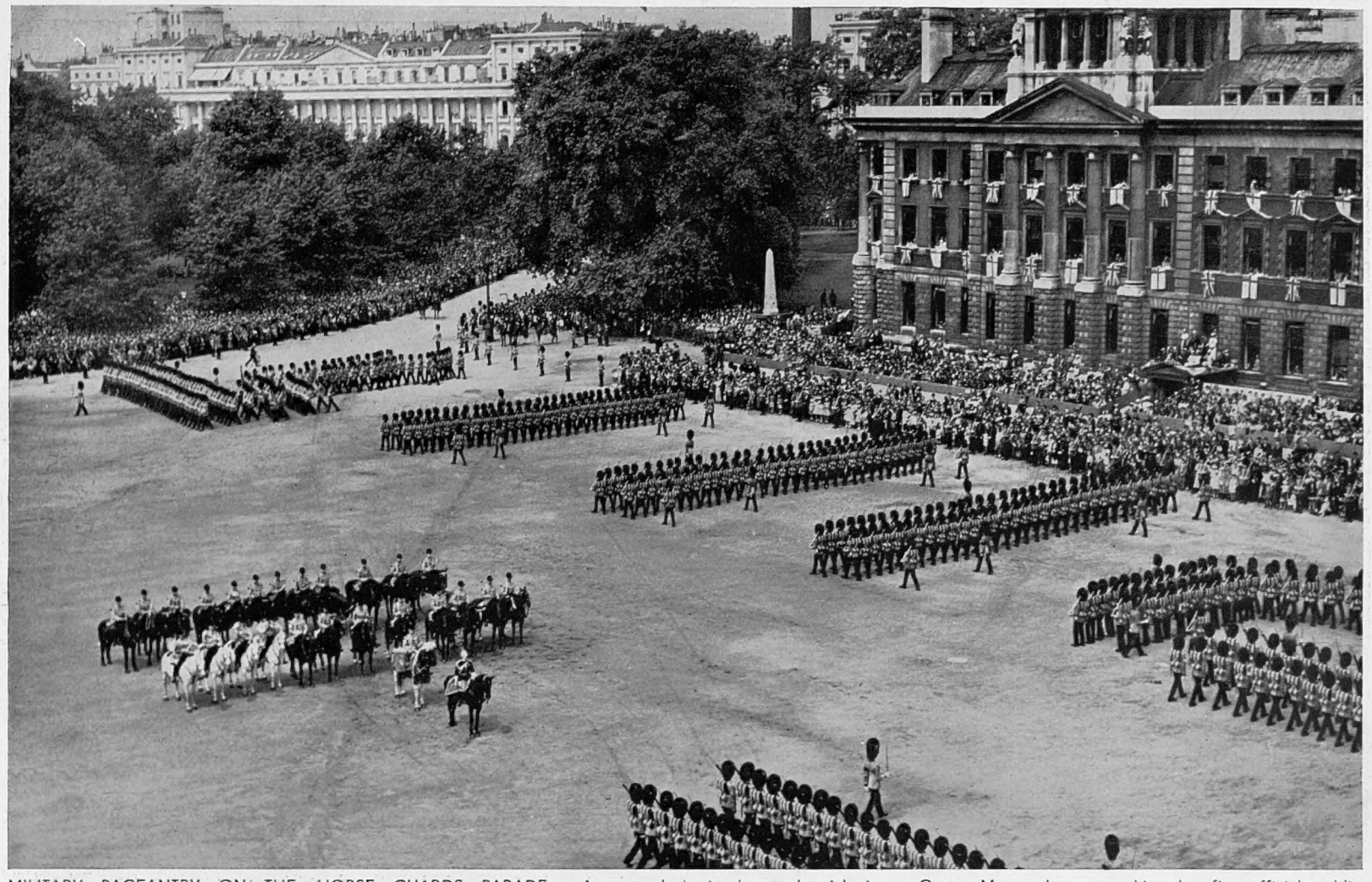
EASY FOR HIM: A. K. Quist, successor of Crawford as Australian champion, playing N. Taylor of Great Britain, whom he beat in straight sets, 6—2, 6—0, 6—4, without being extended

On right—THE CENTRE COURT CROWD: A section of the throng on the opening day which saw Perry, Grant, Austin, and Crawford register their anticipated victories, only one of them having to put up a fight to reach the second round



THE MAN WITH THE TWO-HANDED BACKHAND: Vivian McGrath, the young Australian who has such a reputation as a "giant killer," and whose individuality of stroke production always makes him a delight to watch. His chances of survival this year are not bright as he is in the more difficult half of the draw, but later in the season he will doubtless be fighting for his country in the Davis Cup and, if he plays, may create a surprise or two. McGrath's tennis career began in 1932, at the age of sixteen, when he beat E. F. Moon in the Australian Championships,

TROOPING *the* COLOUR : The King's Forty-second Birthday Observed in Traditional Manner



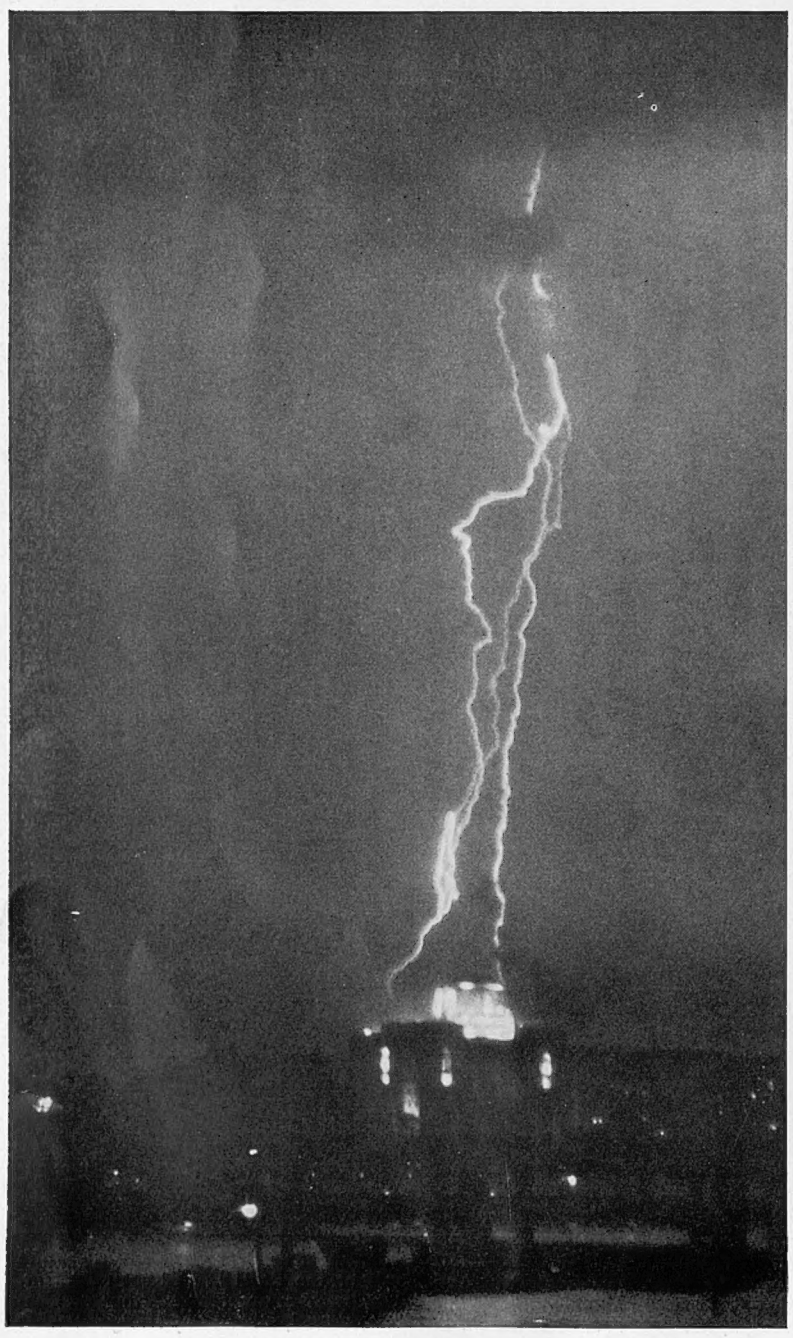
MILITARY PAGEANTRY ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: A general view of the scene last Tuesday—King Edward's forty-second birthday—when, in accordance with age-old tradition, the Colour was trooped down the line of the Guards, and the assembled forces marched past His Majesty in slow and quick time. Queen Mary, who was making her first official public appearance since the Accession, watched the ceremony from a window in the Horse Guards Arch. She was accompanied by the Duchess of York, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, and three of her five grandchildren

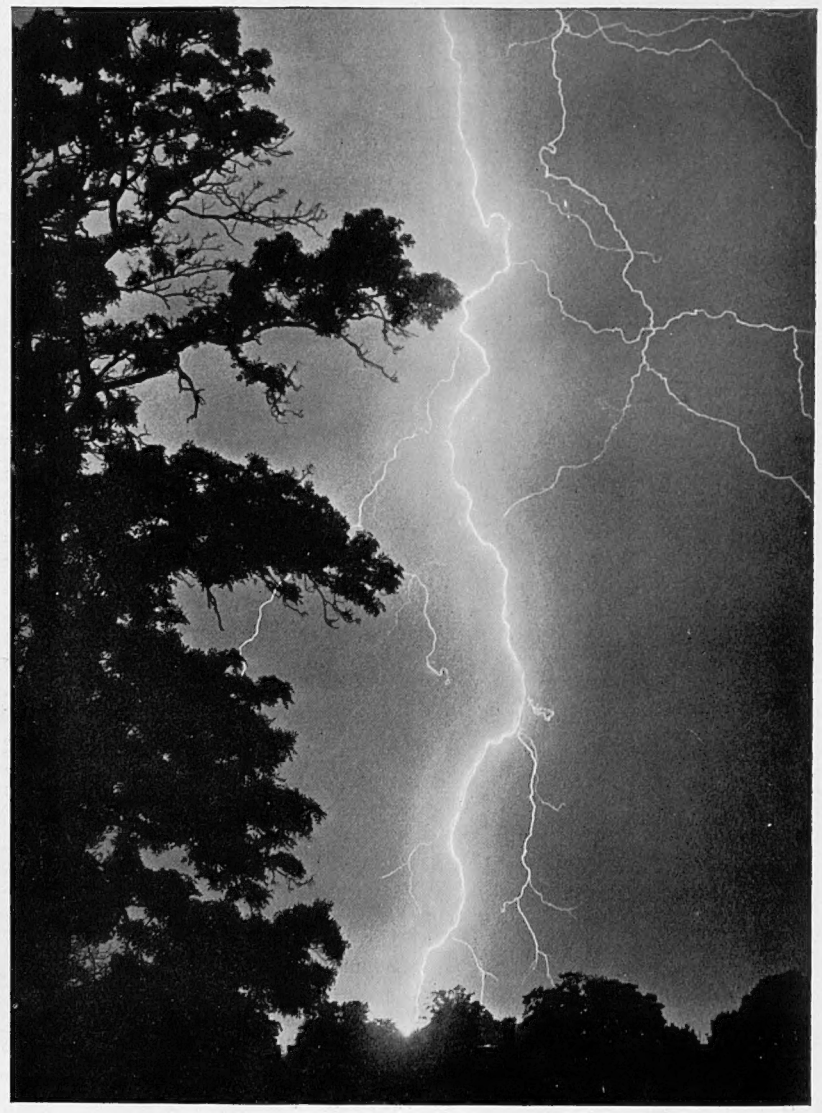
"THE KING OF ENGLAND PASSES ON HIS WAY": His Majesty acclaimed as he rode down the Mall—a scene of spontaneous enthusiasm during the Royal progress from the Palace to the Horse Guards Parade. Behind him were his brothers, the Duke of York, in the uniform of Colonel of the Scots Guards, the Duke of Gloucester, in the uniform of a major of Hussars, and the Duke of Kent, in the uniform of Colonel of the Royal West Kent Regiment, and with them three other of the King's aides-de-camp, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Earl of Athlone, and the Earl of Harewood, followed by foreign attachés

LIGHTNING FOLLOWS THE HOTTEST DAYS OF THE YEAR

London's Night Sky Lit Up by Vivid Flashes During the Great Storms on Friday and Saturday of last week

NATURE'S AWE-INSPIRING TRACERY: A striking view looking from Tulse Hill and showing the Houses of Parliament in the dim distance. The thunder and lightning came late in the evening on Friday of last week, after a 1936 peak temperature of 78 deg. had been recorded, while there were further storms on Saturday night following an even higher day temperature of 86 deg. The first storm lasted two hours, and in the West End there were scenes of confusion as homeward bound theatregoers scrambled for cabs in the downpour





A SWELTERING DAY'S AFTERMATH: Vivid flashes of forked lightning. In the picture on the left it appears to be emanating from floodlit Shell Mex House

AMERICANA

THE UNITED STATES NAVY TRAINING SQUADRON IN ENGLAND: The battleships *Oklahoma* and *Arkansas* (flagship of Rear-Admiral Wilson Brown) in dock at Portsmouth where they arrived at the end of last week, bringing with them 1,100 midshipmen who on different days during their stay are being shown over H.M.S. *Excellent* Gunnery School, H.M.S. *Vernon* Torpedo School, the Royal Naval Barracks, the submarine depot, the dockyard, and H.M.S. *Victory* and are also being given trips into the surrounding country and to London. In addition the Navy has arranged a comprehensive programme of hospitality for those of higher rank

"ROOTING" FOR ROOSEVELT'S RIVAL—A NEW FIGURE IN AMERICAN POLITICS: A drum and fife band sweeping through a lobby of one of the principal hotels in Cleveland, and accompanying a giant portrait of Governor Alfred Landon, who at the Convention held in the city had just been nominated as the Republican candidate for the Presidency in the elections which, according to custom, will be held on the Tuesday following the first Monday in November. Governor Landon, who is still under fifty, probably has small chance of reaching the White House as his party, although united against the New Deal, has no really constructive policy. Until recently his reputation was local rather than national, but much has been made of his successful balancing of the Kansas State Budget

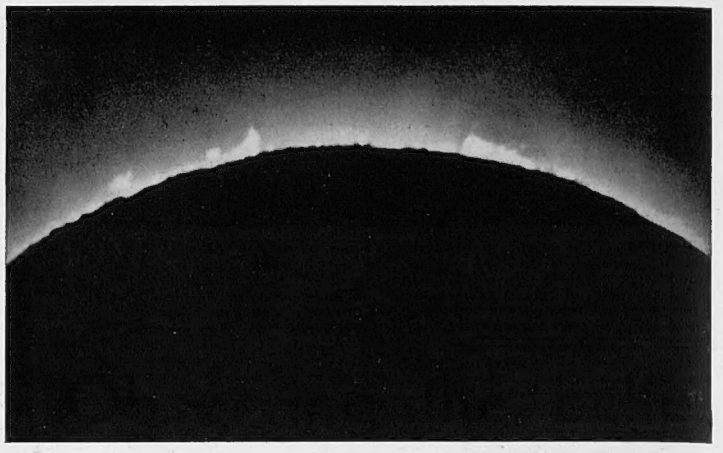
TO PREPARE FOR THE GREAT DAY: Earl Stanhope who has been appointed First Commissioner of Works in succession to Mr. Ormsby Gore, and will thus have much to do with the Coronation arrangements

ASPIRANT TO STARDOM: Seventeen-year-old Vivien Noel, who, after searching camera and voice tests, has been chosen from eighty other girls to play in a new British picture, *The World is Mine*

WEDDING OF THE WEEK: Viscount Elmley, heir of the Earl Beauchamp, pictured during his marriage at St. Clement Danes to Fru Donoville de la Cour, of Copenhagen. Sir John Simon and Mr. Lloyd George, signed the register after the ceremony

IN TOWN: Bebe Daniels, dark-eyed Hollywood beauty, and star of many a screen success, seen with her actor husband Ben Lyon and their four-year-old daughter, Barbara, on arrival at Paddington at the end of their journey from the United States

THE QUADS GO HOME: Three of the four children (the other one was in the front seat) of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Miles of St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, being driven from the house of Dr. E. H. Harrisson, where they have been cared for ever since their birth, to the spacious new quarters their parents have prepared for them. They are now nearly seven months old



"BAILY'S BEADS": The eclipse phenomenon resulting from the irregularity of the moon's edge which just before and after totality, causes the slender segment of the bright solar disk to be split up into a number of bead-like points of light. It was first noted by Francis Baily one hundred years ago, and this picture was taken in England in June 1927, the only total eclipse visible in this country between 1724 and 1999

Observing the Eclipse

One British Expedition to the Path of Totality Foiled by Cloudy Skies, while the Other Observes the Phenomenon in Ideal Conditions

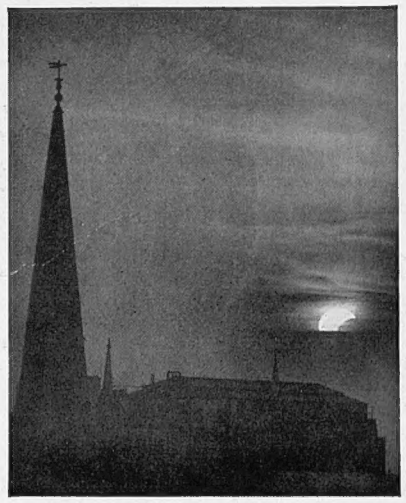
NEWS received from various eclipse expeditions spread along the narrow belt of totality tells in most cases of programmes successfully carried out during the total solar eclipse on June 19. Many months of detailed preparation of astronomical instruments preceded the intensive observations made during the brief two minutes' totality; as many months must elapse before the valuable records obtained can be deciphered and discussed by astronomers at their respective parent observatories. An outline of some of the work carried out by eclipse expeditions was given in last week's issue of THE SPHERE.

Of the British expeditions, Professor Stratton and his party from Cambridge alone had the bad luck of cloudy skies at their station in Hokkaido, Japan. Earlier in the week it was reported that the members of the expedition were experiencing bad weather under the novel but presumably trying conditions of living in paper tents.

The other official British expedition under Professor Carroll had fine skies at Omsk, while Dr. Waterfield, an amateur astronomer, secured useful observations at his camp on the island of Chios in the Aegean Sea. Information in brief has also come from some of the numerous expeditions sent by other countries. The U.S.S.R. alone sent twenty-eight parties to make observations; four expeditions came from Poland, whilst the Harvard College Observatory, U.S.A. expedition under the leadership of Dr. Menzel, made successful observations at Ak Bulak. Perhaps the most delightful way of seeing the total eclipse was that chosen by a number of astronomers who wished on this occasion to enjoy the spectacle untrammelled by the care of observing programmes involving much instrumental equipment. This party was on board the P. & O. liner *Strathaird* which was on a cruise in the Mediterranean and had arranged to be on the line of totality at the all important hour and minute. Besides having a very clear view of the eclipse, some of the passengers had, a few hours previously the added excitement of seeing a new star or "nova" which had been discovered during that night by Mr. Neilsen of the Aarhus Observatory, Denmark, who was also one of the astronomers travelling on the *Strathaird*.

Information was at once sent by wireless from the ship to the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, and elsewhere, and observations of the nova during its interesting stages of increasing brightness were begun as soon as possible at observatories in various parts of the world.

As already intimated the results of observations made during the total eclipse and their bearing on solar problems cannot of necessity be known fully for many months. Certain features of interest can be gleaned, however, from the telegraphed accounts from some of the expeditions. Firstly, the shape of the corona, or outer atmosphere of the sun, was of "intermediate" type, as was anticipated from the present state of the sun's general activity in its eleven-year cycle. In last week's issue of THE SPHERE typical examples were given of the sun's corona at sunspot maximum and at minimum respectively. The last sunspot minimum occurred towards the end of 1933, and the next minimum is expected in about 1944, hence the anticipation of an intermediate type of corona. On June 19 there appear to have been visible five chief coronal streamers not less than 1,000,000 miles in length. There were also several prominences representing great flame-like clouds of hydrogen, helium, and calcium gases.



THE ECLIPSE IN LONDON: Looking over St. Margaret's Church, Eastcheap, at about five a.m. as the moon gradually superimposed itself on a portion of the sun's disk

Apart from the direct observation of solar phenomena, important results may be expected from experiments made by radio research workers stationed within the track of optical totality and elsewhere within a prescribed belt. Such observations will add important data to the problem of ascertaining whether the two chief layers of the ionosphere concerned with wireless transmission and situated respectively at a height of about 60 and 140 miles above the earth's surface, are ionized by ultra-violet light travelling from the sun at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, or by solar corpuscles with a speed of 1,000 miles a second.

SPAHIS

The Elite of the French Colonial Forces

"THEY THAT RIDE FASTER THAN FATE": An officer of the Spahis (*left*) mounted on his charger with an elaborate gold-braided numnah beneath the saddle, and (*right*) a lancer. The Spahis are Algerian and Tunisian cavalry regiments of the French Army and have always enjoyed a reputation for horsemanship, valour, and loyalty—qualities that were demonstrated to the full in the campaign against the Riffs in which they played such an heroic part. During the days of Turkish rule in North Africa they were members of the Sultan's forces but were taken over, and given white commanders, on the French occupation

A MOUNTED DRUMMER: Another colourful figure whose striking features typify the Spahi warrior, a man of boundless courage and with a degree of stamina that enables him to travel long distances on desert patrol

A TRUMPETER SERGEANT: A picturesque warrior in his long-flowing cloak above a heavy greatcoat—uniform essential during winter operations in the hill-country when temperate days are succeeded by extremely cold nights. *On left*—Spahis on their fleet chargers, with their rifles slung diagonally behind their backs and bared swords in their hands. The richly-adorned saddles, it will be noted, rise abruptly in Mexican fashion, thus providing the riders with support and yet not interfering with their freedom of movement

Austria on the Eve

As the Long Period of Transition Draws to a Close, the Question of a Habsburg Restoration Once Again Looms Large

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WE were finishing a midday meal of venison with cranberries and potatoes and beer at Strobl, on the Wolfgangsee, outside Salzburg. Through the rain could be discerned the lakeside village of St. Wolfgang, celebrated for its original prototype White Horse Inn. It had been raining ever since Calais five days before, all through the Vosges and Black Forest, Lower Bavarian Alps, and Tirol. In the last we had clung to our copy of *Tirolean June* and imagined the mountains and fabled general gorgeousness all above and about us.

With the exception of two partially clear afternoons, luckily falling each at a hot European spot, the Brenner and Berchtesgaden, we had been cast to face a windscreen wiper almost constantly in action with its hovering risk of overflow. Three in a boat may have been okay, but four in a car while it hardly stops bucketing is not so good. Nor did the circumstance of the natives apparently taking no notice of the rain conspicuously alter matters. Rather did the freshness and hatlessness of man and girl—particularly of girl, natural, unmade-up, fair-plaited Gretchens to-day being as good as held by order to a classical Marguerite type that was vanishing—tend to underline our ill-fortune. *They* were enjoying things.

Well, I suppose we were too; one would be an ass not to quicken to Bavaria and Austria these times, alone for the electrical play of approaching events so evident in the atmosphere wherever you put in. It was so now at Strobl when, as usual in small inns, the host or hostess (or both) comes to your table with the intention, not merely of emitting a few stereotyped culinary clichés à la française, but of staying around out of genuine welcome and interest, plus a desire to do a spot of propaganda with the (fast-waning) conqueror.

The hostess said that wasn't it awful that while everyone could be so happy, there they were, preparing to murder each other wholesale again. *What for?*

There was no occasion to go into that—since of course there is a "for"—even if the thing could "definitely" be done otherwise, granted the will and a sane give-and-take attitude—and so one swerved from the general to the particular: What was going to happen here in Austria? Link up with Hitler? Shelter under Mussolini? The Habsburgs again? Or a Schuschnigg carry-on? That week two developments had occurred. The Archduke Otto had come out with a manifesto—

"It is high time for decisive action. I am ready at every hour to return home to give Austria its old unity, strength, and prosperity. I alone represent the legitimist principle established by God above all struggles and rivalries. Because of the lack of a supreme power there is a continued struggle for power within the State. The concentration of all forces is needed. I could accomplish it with the help of God, for I derive my title from no single group."

This had been on sale on all sides in the Monarchist *Oesterreicher*, offered by youths wearing the Iron Ring. Prince Max of Hohenberg, heir of murdered Franz-Ferdinand, is the head of this symbol and group.

Secondly Dr. Schuschnigg, in announcing the approach of a corporative State, had borrowed unashamedly from the Duce by opining that democratic government had gone for ever.

So what?

"Mein lieber Herr, it is going round and round in our heads, in the heads of all Austrians. No one knows."

The hostess of the *Stadt Wien* gestured the common mental confusion.

Her man proceeded: "The thought of being always in Italian debt repels us. As for Schuschnigg trying to consolidate himself as a new, self-styled Führer, he must not far ahead be swamped by challenging though he might possibly bring it off in a combination with Otto if a way could be found, if people would let him. Otto might be the best for Austria, and eventually for everyone else also, if they could only be brought to see it, but unless the restoration is attempted soon—perhaps this year—it will be too late. There always comes a moment, *the* moment. For one thing, the monarchist Church is losing with the young people.

"Lieber Herr Englander, *we want Austria for the Austrians* but, perfectly frankly, one does not picture how some day Hitler can fail to extend himself to his native land. The pressure, spiritual and material, is becoming cumulatively too great, with little to counter it, such as a Danube Confederation of Czechs, Rumanians, Austrians, and Hungarians. Look at this pressure here in Upper Austria and in Tirol! The material pressure! It is cruel of this Austrian-born to do it, but there he sits (pointing to the Berchtesgaden mountains ten miles off) looking out over a countryside, his countryside, that he has denuded of its mainstay, the German tourist. Each must pay 1,000 marks to come here. It is well-nigh breaking us."

Either the host of the *Stadt Wein* or somebody else that day added, "We are Belgium again!" I mention it because this Belgian comparison one met again and again as a sort of leit motif; though when one pointed out that Belgium did not submit, and stood independent to-day as a consequence, Austrians reacted as if they hadn't quite thought of that.

It was in Salzburg next morning, at High Mass in Corpus Christi, that I saw the Austrian Army once again in gala kit for the first time for twenty-one years. I looked at the uniforms and listened to the guns saluting, the bands echoing from without, and wondered: "Can Austrians stick it as did the Belgians?" The last time I had been among Austrian uniforms was after the fall of Pryzmysl (I used to be an expert at spelling it) in March, 1915. The Russians were entraining 130,000 prisoners to Turkestan, including 6,000 officers from Field-Marshal down. Nor shall my last night by the San be forgotten—helping an Austrian woman doctor chuck all her siege-lover's kit and belongings into the river rather than have a thing fall to the Russians. Even her poisoned dog went in. She had been linked with the O.C., Wireless, "to avoid the canaille. A hundred thousand soldiers confined to a few square miles can be pretty dreadful."

Well, here was this newly-arising Austrian army. Was it going to mean a thing? Would it have time? Could it even prevent the threatened clash between Schuschnigg's Fatherland Front reposing on his own 200,000 Sturmscharen and Starhemberg's still largely faithful Heimwehren so dependent on Fascist goodwill? *Would* there be an attempted *coup d'état* clash? And, if so, what exactly separated these two leaders, each professedly Monarchist?

Each at present has his own salute.

"*Faith, Schuschnigg!*" mounts from the Sturmscharen and the children the Leader and Chancellor reviews, following invariably upon an open-air religious ceremony. As the cry goes out, its protagonists raise their right hand, but only with two fingers outstretched, the index and middle.

"*Heil Ernst Rüdiger!*" comes stridently from Heimwehr officers, for a roar from the ranks to echo in salute: "*Starhemberg!*" (Hands now upstretched in Roman fashion.) The gestures and raiment of a growing part of the Continent would make excellent comic opera but for the scientific horrors that may eventuate from them.

There is a great disparity of character and temperament between the two leaders, though each was founded in the same grievous times of the end of the war and after. Schuschnigg, as an eighteen-year-old artillery second lieutenant, had served against the Italians in the Trentino. Starhemberg was too young to fight, but lost no time in doing so later, joining the Black Militia in Silesia and Hitler, in early Munich days. Schuschnigg is descended from a noble Innsbruck family, his father having been a "von" and a general. A colourless but plodding and upright man, the latest Führer entered the law and espoused Dollfussism in 1930. Always devout, the tragic loss of his wife has made him more so. In a nutshell, he wants a 100 per cent. Dollfuss Christian-Socialist State modelled on Fascism, retaining fullest harmony with the Catholic Church, and warmly orientated towards Germany; if feasible, with Otto has symbol, otherwise without him. (The inclusion of Hungary being left out of account.)

Prince Starhemberg belongs to the oldest of old families, has thirteen castles, nearly all ruined, raised the first battalion of Heimwehr privately ten years ago, has gone through most of what he possessed, or lost it in the collapse of the schilling, and has been a gay dog as "Rüdi" of Vienna and other parts, despite the influence of a very Catholic and strong-charactered mother. Starhemberg's slogan is "Never Germany!" How deeply he may be personally committed to Signor Mussolini is a matter of constant speculation. In his latest manifestation, none could be more Roman than this Prince whose country was humbled by Rome less than two decades ago. "Long live the Fascist world revolution!" he apostrophised all on his own to the Palazzo Venezia, in token of the Abyssinian conquest.

In Austria to-day one gains the firm impression that the long period of licensed transition, of tendencies this way and that, is drawing to a close, even that big things may be at this moment moving behind the scenes. Dr. von Schuschnigg is indubitably working at high pressure to extract every grain favourable to Austria from a continuously altering international picture. Thus, the France of Léon

(*Continued on page* 580)

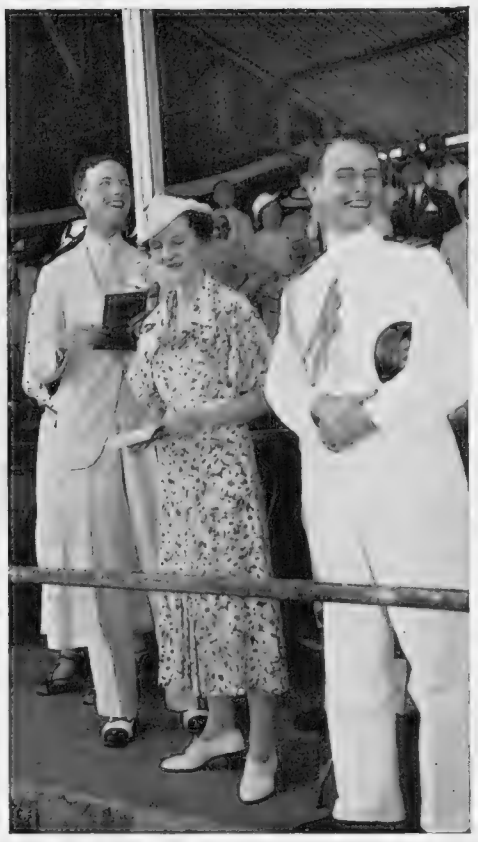
STARHEMBERG IN ECLIPSE: The man who as Vice-Chancellor was virtual dictator of Austria until a few weeks ago when Dr. Schuschnigg drove him from office. He is both Monarchist and Fascist in sympathy, and is an ardent admirer of Mussolini

"I AM READY AT EVERY HOUR TO RETURN HOME TO GIVE AUSTRIA ITS OLD UNITY, STRENGTH, AND PROSPERITY": Archduke Otto, pretender to the Austrian throne, who made this declaration in his recently issued manifesto. Many believe that unless his restoration is attempted soon it will be too late

THE SPHERE SURVEYS THE WORLD

News in Pictures from Europe, the Far East, and the Pacific

HERR RIBBENTROP EN FAMILLE: Hitler's adviser on foreign policy and Ambassador-at-large, resplendent in Nazi uniform when accompanying his wife and little daughter. Of recent months he has been much in the news, and he showed himself a diplomat of a high order in handling the delicate situation following Germany's sudden re-occupation of the Rhineland



HONEYMOONING IN THE ORIENT: Lord and Lady Reay, who were married in Edinburgh a short while ago, with a Dutch naval officer (right) at a horse show held recently at Buitenzorg, in the Dutch East Indies, where they were staying as guests of the Governor-General before going on to Shanghai

CALLED TO HIGH OFFICE: Mme Joliot-Curie, daughter of the discoverers of radium, Pierre and Marie Curie, who has been appointed Under Secretary for Scientific Research in M. Léon Blum's French Radical-Socialist Government, of which she is one of three women members. Madame Curie is pictured here with her husband M. Joliot, of the Institute of Radium, who was associated with her in researches on the subject of neutron and radio-activity. The Nobel Prize for Chemistry was awarded to them jointly in 1935, in recognition of their sterling work. Mme Curie is forty years old

NAMED AFTER THE FUHRER: Herr Rudolf Hess, Nazi Minister without Portfolio, standing on the speaker's dais (second from left) during the recent ceremony at Urdingen, near Krefeld, Northern Rhineland, when he inaugurated the new Adolf Hitler suspension bridge which provides an important and much needed link between the agricultural district on the left bank and the industrial district on the right bank of the Rhine. Quite a large crowd turned out for the opening, which was on a Sunday, but torrential rain kept many thousands of other would-be spectators away. Krefeld is only about fifteen miles from the Dutch frontier

JOIN THE NAVY AND SEE THE WORLD: British sailors from a visiting cruiser bathing at palm-fringed Papetoai Bay on Moorea, one of the Society Islands in the Pacific. The jagged outlines of the peak in the distance typify the striking scenery of the Archipelago which is mountainous and of volcanic origin

LUXURY IN THE CLOUDS: Looking down the 40-ft. main aisle of one of the "Clipper" class of flying boats now being used by Pan-American Airways on the service between California and the Philippine Islands, and which after November of this year will travel a stage farther to Canton, China, thus completely spanning the Pacific for the first time and making a 7,500-mile journey in sixty hours, as compared with the twenty-eight days of some passenger ships. The accommodation includes a beautifully panelled smoking lounge, seen in the foreground of this view, equipped with armchairs and collapsible tables

SIGNPOST IN THE PACIFIC: A notice at the airport on Midway Island showing the distance to Honolulu and Wake; two other stops on the 'Frisco to Canton route. Midway, which lies to the north-west of the Sandwich group, is now a hive of activity whereas formerly it had only a small cable station colony and before that was neglected except as a base for shark-hunting expeditions

OVER a distance of 7,500 miles the first Trans-Pacific airline will start its service on November 22. The trip from San Francisco to Canton that requires twenty-eight days by fast boat will take but sixty hours by airplane.

Huge flying boats are already in operation between San Francisco and the Philippines, and preparations are now almost complete for the extension of the service to China. The experiments of surveying the route and designing the proper flying boats and radio equipment have cost Pan-American Airways 2,000,000 dollars, and the installation of flying bases in Hawaii, Midway Island, Wake Island, Guam, and the Philippines cost another 2,000,000 dollars.

The flying boats take off late in the afternoon from San Francisco Bay. Seventeen hours later they land at Honolulu. From there they cover the distance to Manila in the Philippines in four easy daylight flights, with nights spent on the tiny base islands now sprung into world prominence. A final half-day flight from Manila to Macao, near Canton on the China coast, will complete the crossing of the Pacific.

This new Trans-Pacific airline would have been impossible had not Nature provided flying bases by placing a bridge of islands across the ocean, each little

A MODEL AIRPORT: Midway Island has been a flying sketch shows how it will look when the present come to rest at the end of a wooden pier in the guest houses, some of which are already in use, trees afford protection against the winds. *Below*—Re

HARD LABOUR: A motor boat, mounted on a vast raft, being hauled over a dangerous reef at Wake Island, another of the Pacific bases, where ships are unable to make a close approach but a lagoon provides a fine natural landing-ground for the flying "Clippers"

TRANS-PACIFIC:

The Extension of the San Francisco-Philippines Service to Canton Brings into Being the First Airline from the United States to China

SAN FRANCISCO TO CANTON: A map of the 7,500-mile air route across the Pacific, showing the five islands on which stops are made. *Top right*—The Caribbean "Clipper"

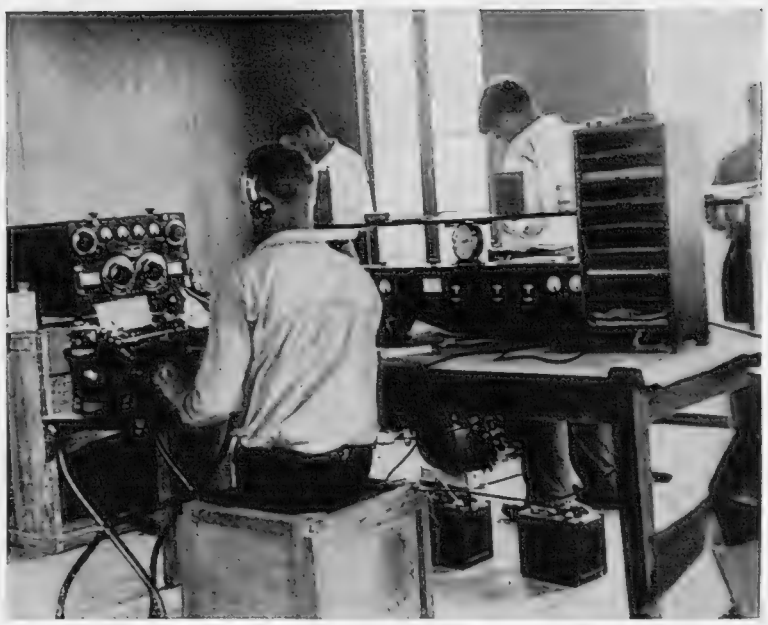
flying base since December last, but this architect's sent building scheme is finally completed. The 'planes the lagoon, and the passengers spend one night in the use. The place is attractively laid out, and numerous —Refuelling a four-engined "Clipper" on arrival in Midway

PARADISE FOR THE ORNITHOLOGIST: Some of the thousands of sea birds found on one of the Pacific islands where the flying boats call. The presence of workmen and the erection of buildings failed to scare them away, but they are more wary of aircraft

more than a thousand miles from the next one. Two of these islands in the centre of the Pacific — Midway Island and Wake Island — are tiny barren reefs that had to be colonised by Pan-American Airways, and it took not a little of real pioneering spirit to accomplish.

The establishment of flying bases in the Pacific is, however, only part of the story. The other part is the development of huge flying boats that are fit for the Trans-Pacific service and that can carry a load which will pay for the operation of the service and produce a profit.

The huge China "Clipper" boats of over 25 tons have been developed by the Glenn L. Martin Company. They are powered with four engines of 3,200-h.p., have a cruising speed of 157 miles per hour, and can carry up to forty-eight passengers.



KEEPING IN TOUCH: The radio station at Midway from which weather reports are issued every half-hour, and from which direction beams are broadcast in order to assist the navigation officers of the air liners—tasks of the utmost importance as on the wide expanse of the Pacific machines must never be allowed to deviate from their course. At the moment their work is intermittent, but there will be plenty to do when the service is extended

ASCOT'S FAS

Notable Dress Creations

VISION IN LACE: A striking fashion note on the first day

THE VICTORIAN MANNER: A charming dress of flower print, with puff sleeves and flared basque. A style setting off the youthful figure to admirable advantage

SUNRAY PLEATS are the outstanding feature of this costume, modern in conception but restrained in tone

FOR THE SLENDER FIGURE: A tailored suit with neat coat. The white blouse provided a pleasing contrast

STYLES IN HEADGEAR: *Left*—A Breton bonnet in straw with a trimming of ruched ribbon falling down the neck at the back and worn with a veil. *Right*—A straw sailor with a quill of dominating dimensions

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY AND TWENTIETH CENTURY: *Left*—A Regency mode that attracted general attention in the paddock. *Right*—The "glass"-brimmed hat that is being so much worn this season

THE WAISTLINE ACCENTUATED: *Left*—A coat o... *Right*—A... a florally decorated, wide brimmed straw.

SHION PARADE

t the Famous Royal Meeting

PRACTICAL WEAR: Illustrating the tendency towards shorter skirts which was evident among the sea of billowing dresses

BRODERIE ANGLAISE: The widely-flared skirt in this fabric had a touch of novelty, and the general effect was enhanced by a neat coat fastened at the neck

LEAF-PATTERNED ORGANZA: An ankle-length dress

ed material, with a cravat to match, worn with art tailored coat of definitely Regency inspiration

INFLUENCES FROM AFAR: *Left*—A black felt hat that has much in common with the Mexican sombrero. Note the tassels tied at the neck. *Right*—A "thatch" of osprey, possibly an inspiration from the "Dark Continent"

ESSENCE OF CHIC: *Left*—The flat brim with a turned down edge is another style that is going to be popular. *Right*—Mrs. Power Sands, American fiancée of Earl Beatty, in a mode that set off her striking looks

WHITE-DOTTED ORGANZA: A creation of restrained but elegant line largely relying for its effect on the fabric

DESIGNER AND RIDING ENTHUSIAST: Miss Hall Caine, daughter of the famous Manx novelist, the late Sir Thomas Hall Caine, pictured with a favourite mount. She is an accomplished artist and one of her most recent tasks was the preparation of the cover for the Derby Day dinner menu at the Dorchester

Bit and Bridle

A Page for the Horse Lover

"STICK AND BALL MAN": Mr. Van Brunt, the American employed by Mr. Gerald Balding of the British Westchester Cup team. He is a picturesque figure in cow-boy's chaps which he favours for his work on the polo ground

HALF-TIME AT HURLINGHAM: Mr. Michael Phipps, Mr. Winston Guest, and Mr. Eric Pedley, three of the four members of America's Westchester Cup team enjoying a few minutes rest during the first of the international contests which they won by the odd goal in nineteen, a score that suggests the evenness of the play. Man for man there was nothing in it, but slightly faster ponies decided the issue in favour of the visitors. *On right*—ASCOT'S CLERK OF THE COURSE: Lieut.-Colonel Sir Gordon Carter, K.C.V.O. who, in spite of his eighty-three years, is as energetic as ever in his all the year round task of preparing for the Royal meeting. His has been a colourful career and perhaps his most outstanding exploit was a visit to Cocos Island in the Pacific with Lord Fitzwilliam, in search of the treasure trove said to be buried there

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Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

OUTWARD BOUND: The German yacht *Edith* leaving Burnham at the start of the annual ocean race to Heligoland

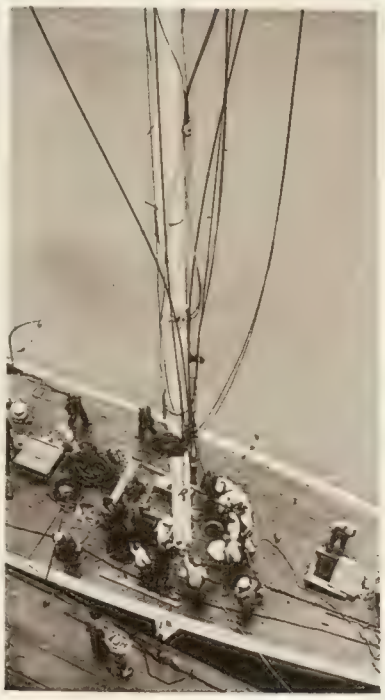
"VELSHEDA'S" MIGHTY BOOM swinging out as the yacht sailed out of harbour with the wind. An unusual picture taken at Harwich Regatta where the 1936 season was recently inaugurated

MR. SOPWITH'S NEW "ENDEAVOUR"

An Account of His All-steel J Class Cutter which will be the Next British Challenger for the America's Cup

ENDEAVOUR II, the new challenger, is a steel centre-board Bermudian cutter of the J Class, 87 ft. long on waterline—the longest permissible waterline for a J Class yacht—maximum beam 21½ ft., displacement 164 tons, and measured total sail area 7,550 sq. ft. The J craft are built to a rule of measurement originally evolved in the United States for the largest class of single-mast racing yachts, i.e. a cutter rig or, as the Americans prefer to call it, a sloop rig. The rule was subsequently modified in several particulars, as a result of collaboration between the yacht racing associations of America and Great Britain, with the object of facilitating racing between these two bodies.

It has now become the invariable practice to build the largest racing cutter of metal, and accordingly the frames, deck beams, and skin plating of *Endeavour II* are of steel. The yacht racing associations of this country and the United States require craft of this type to be constructed to the satisfaction of Lloyd's Register of Shipping, and these J craft generally receive Lloyd's highest character classification for vessels of steel construction (namely 100 A 1) where 100 A indicates the highest standard of steel construction, while the figure (1) shows that the craft is well found. The seams in the skin plating of the new *Endeavour* are flush on the outside, whereas those of the first *Endeavour* are of what is known as a joggled lap construction. The new yacht is 3¾ ft. longer on the waterline than her predecessor and half a foot less in beam. But the sail area (7,550 sq. ft) is the same for both—a significant fact. In this connection it is possible to design a J Class yacht having a waterline length of 76 ft. and a displacement not less than 120 tons, or, on the other hand, one, such as *Endeavour II*, with a waterline of 87 ft. and displacement of not less than 164 tons. These are respectively the shortest and longest permissible under the J Class rule, but the designer may make his craft of any water-line between these limits and of a corresponding displacement. In fact, he can give his creation any displacement he pleases, as long as it is not less than the stipulated minimum. However, the measurement formulae for the J Class have been specially contrived to ensure that the sail area shall be the same, whatever the size of craft between those two limits; and so the problem the J Class formulae puts to yacht designers is this:—Given the same sail area, which yacht will have the better all-round racing prospects:— the shortest and lightest craft that can be built or the longest and heaviest?



STEPPING THE MAST: Work in progress at Gosport on the fitting-out of Mr. Sopwith's Bermudian rigged cutter *Endeavour II*. She is being tuned up in English waters this year for her America's Cup challenge races in 1937

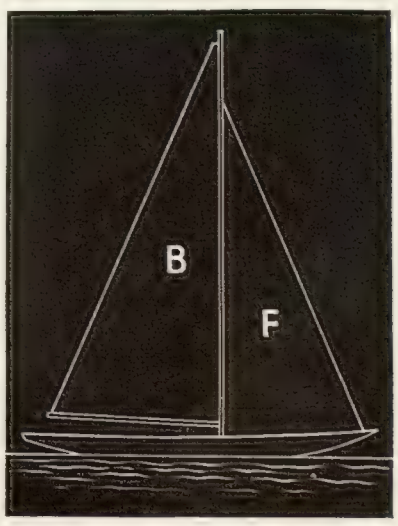
Well, technical opinion has been changing within the last two or three years in favour of the long and heavy craft, hence we find the new *Endeavour* right up to the permissible waterline length.

But it is a bit of a gamble, especially in light winds. However, it causes the yacht designer to use all his skill to produce an easily driven hull, and, accordingly, these craft are tending to become more lancelike or, rather, more shuttle shaped—finer at both ends.

Put shortly, he must model a hull that makes a minimum of waves, for waves are a visible form of lost energy: the yacht form must permit of the water flowing past it without abrupt disturbance—the streamlines must be fair—and the area of the underwater body must be as small as practicable to reduce friction of water.

The yacht is very homelike below decks and contains fully furnished saloons and staterooms, galley, pantry, ice-box, and all appointments for living and sleeping aboard. The mast, 155 ft. high from deck to truck, is of steel reinforced by internal diaphragms and framing and supported by the standing rigging or shroud made of high-tensile solid steel bar. Steel wire rope was almost universally used for this purpose, but within the last two or three years, much has been done to reduce the windage of rigging, mast, and spars (i.e, the resistance they offer to the wind which, of course, retards the yacht's progress) and in this connection it has been found that there is appreciable gain to be had by using for the shrouds of J Class yachts smooth round bars of high-tensile alloy steel instead of wire rope. In passing, it may be mentioned that, when these J craft are heeled in a strong breeze the lower rods of the rigging have to withstand a pull of thirty to forty tons. Although the modern racing yacht is robust, seaworthy, and well found, in so far as the hull and contents are concerned, nevertheless it is very generally admitted that the mast, especially in the case of the J Class, is still unsatisfactory or, in other words is the weakest feature. When we reflect that the height of the mast in the later yachts of this class is not much less than Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square, it will be readily understood that it is no easy problem to design a spar of such magnitude, which shall be of adequate strength and, at the same time, not inordinately heavy.

As it happened yacht designers were tending to produce very light masts of unusually expensive construction, and to discourage that practice the yacht racing authorities have laid it down that the masts of the largest J Class yachts, such as *Endeavour II*, shall weigh not less than 5,500 lbs. (i.e., almost 2½ tons) that the centre of gravity shall be at a point not less than two-fifths (strictly 42 per cent.) of the total length from the lower end, or mast heel as this is called, and that the diameter of the mast at this point shall be not less than 18 ins. As a further precaution, the maximum permissible height of sails is clearly laid down: For example, the Bermudian sail B in the largest J Class yacht, must not exceed 152 ft. in height above the deck, and the highest point of the sails in the fore-triangle F must not exceed four-fifths of this.



DISCOURAGING EXPERIMENTATION: The Bermudian sail (B) and the sails in the fore-triangle (F) of modern J Class yachts must conform to certain height and area regulations

The nominal total sail area of these J Class yachts is arrived at by adding together the whole area of the mainsail B and 85 per cent. of the fore-triangle F. The great size of the J yacht's sails and the necessity for quick handling has increased the number of winches on deck and other mechanical contrivances.

T. W. MacAlpine

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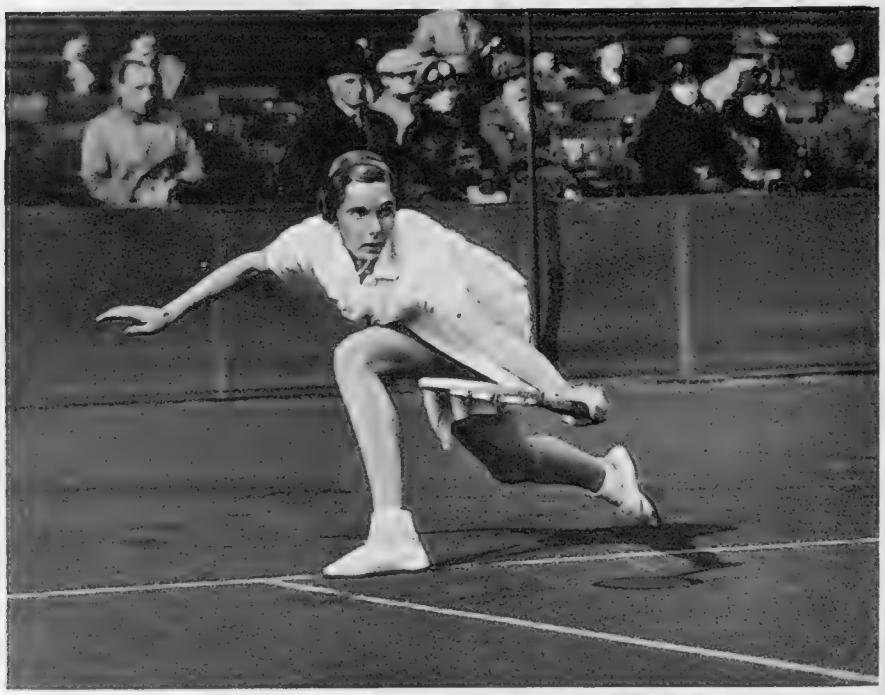
SOME PLAYERS TO WATCH



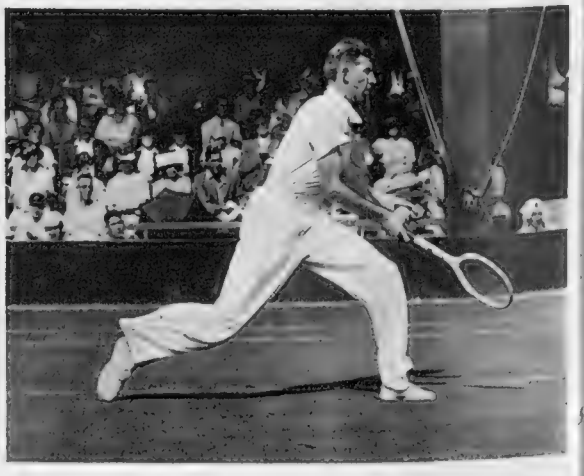
BRITAIN'S JOINT No. 1: Left-handed Miss K. Stammers, who is ranked first with Miss Round. Last season her tennis made a striking advance, Mrs. Moody and Miss Jacobs being among the stars she accounted for, but she has yet to overcome her inconsistency—a fact demonstrated by her in-and-out form in the recent contest for the Wightman Cup. There is nothing a tennis crowd enjoys more than Kay's fearless and sparkling hitting

THE 1933 CHAMPION: Crawford, who won the Wimbledon singles three years ago, but whose game has since retrogressed slightly. This is hardly to be wondered at, however, and the marvel is that he maintains such a high standard under the strain of continuous play

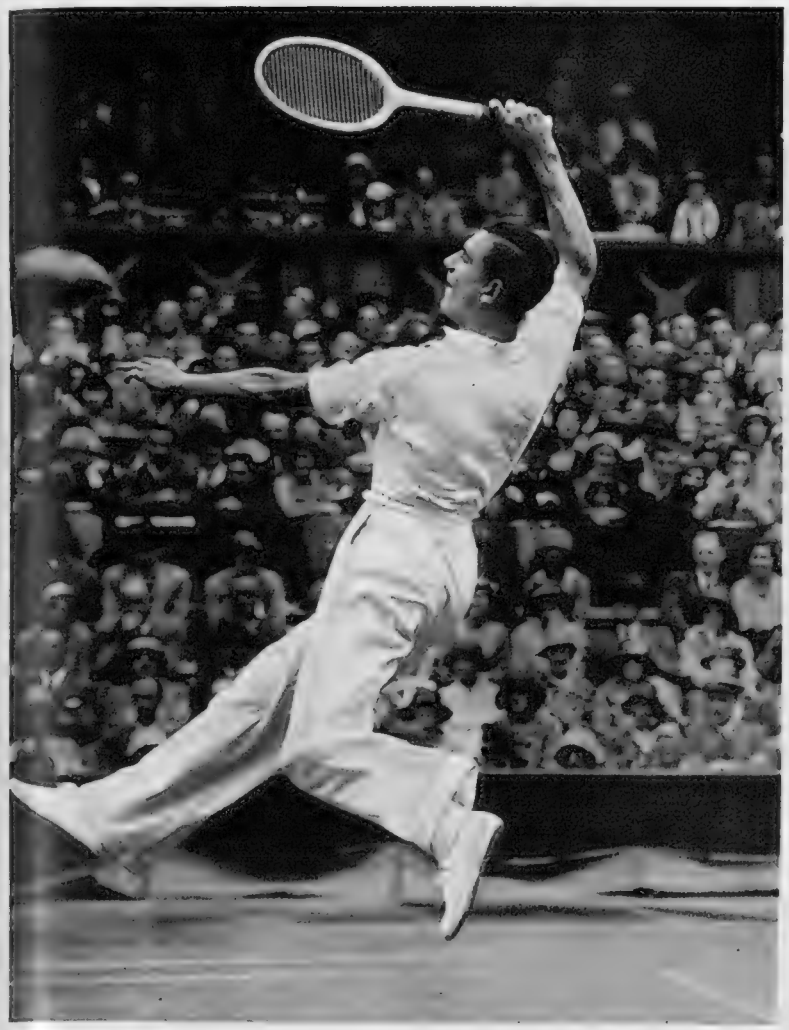
CHILE'S DIMINUTIVE CHAMPION: Señorita Lizana is a colourful personality on and off the court and her cheery attitude towards match play has won her a host of admirers. She learnt tennis in her own country by playing against men and on her first trip to England in 1935 made an immediate impression, winning eight tournaments out of thirteen in a five months' campaign and beating such players as Miss Hartigan and Miss Stammers

EXPONENT OF THE CLASSIC STYLE: H. W. Austin, Britain's No. 2, who is playing as well as ever and is now revealing considerably more stamina. *Below*—Donald Budge, the red-headed Californian, paid his first visit to Europe in 1935, reaching the last four at Wimbledon

MRS. MARSHALL A. FABYAN: The U.S. Wightman Cup second string whose play is characterised by good timing and an ability to do the unexpected with the ball. *On Right*—Madame Mathieu, the French "ace," usually produces dazzling tennis on the Riviera, but has yet to give of her best in singles at Wimbledon

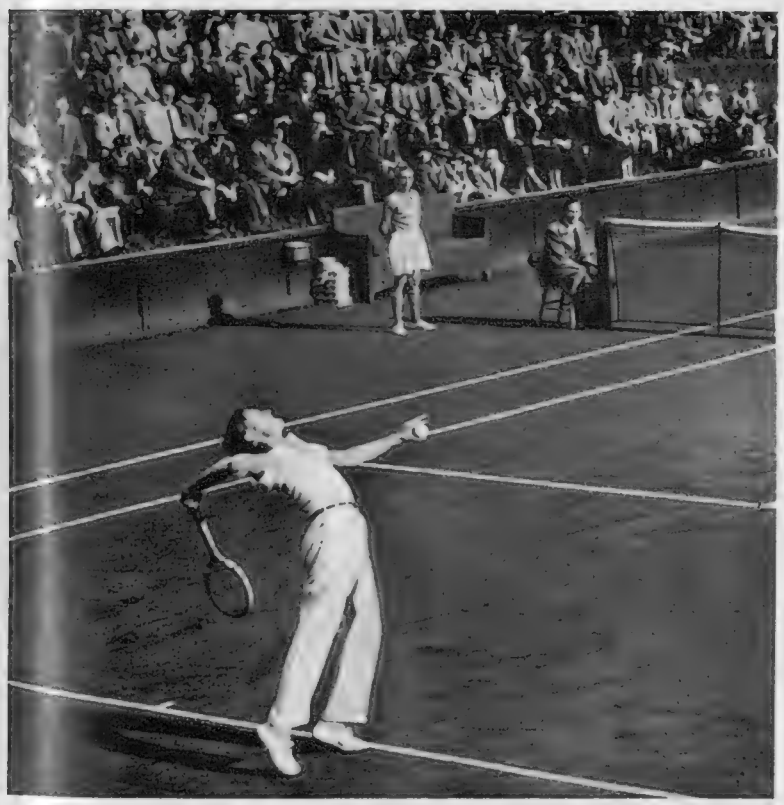


AT THE 1936 WIMBLEDON

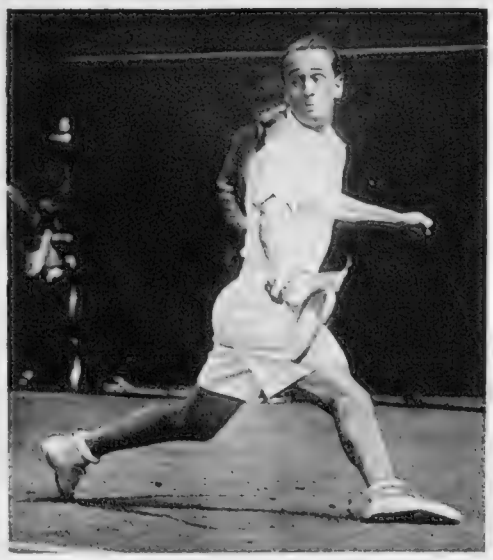


DEFENDER OF THE THRONE: Fred Perry, pictured here delivering a characteristically vigorous smash, attempts this year to emulate A. F. Wilding, H. L. Doherty, R. F. Doherty, and W. Renshaw in winning the title three times in succession. His recent set-back in the French Championship, when von Cramm accounted for him, has probably been to the advantage of his game

BACK TO FORM AGAIN: Miss Dorothy Round in 1935 was clearly suffering from a surfeit of play, but now all trace of staleness has vanished and it seems that she has re-acquired the confidence that helped her to her Wimbledon victory of two years ago when she triumphed over Miss Jacobs in one of the best women's centre court finals ever seen. She won both her matches in the Wightman Cup the other day, excelling with her driving



BLONDE TEUTON: G. von Cramm, one of the most improved players of the year, has now mastered the grass court surface. No stroke comes amiss to him especially that effective point winner, the backhand down the line, while he has a forceful service, the start of which is illustrated here. He has an unfortunate habit of missing fairly easy volleys



The Championship meeting of 1936 is now in full swing and by the time these pictures appear it is possible that one or two of the stars depicted will have fallen victims to unseeded entrants. Most of them will probably have survived, however, and when they clash next week tennis enthusiasts will once again experience the thrills that combine to make Wimbledon the world's premier tournament. There are several interesting newcomers the most out-standing of whom is diminutive Bryan Grant (the "Atalanta Atom")—a tireless retriever

GRACEFUL HELEN: Miss Jacobs, four times champion of the United States, four times finalist at Wimbledon; a fine record she is determined to better this season. Last year she reached match point against Mrs. Moody, only to be deprived of victory by the latter's return to super form in the nick of time. *On left*—FORGING AHEAD: Adrian Quist, of Australia. His singles game is making great strides and while his play is seldom spectacular it has distinct all-round possibilities

THE CHURCH *as a* LIVING

The Tithes Bill's Serious Threat to the Incomes of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons

"LO, MOTHER CHURCH, LIKE NIOBE, WEEPS O'ER HER OFFSPRING, TITHES"

By CHARLES GRAVES

WITH the third reading of the Tithes Bill in the House of Commons a day or two ago it becomes more and more evident that it is no good entering the Church with any idea of worldly gain. For when the Bill becomes an Act it will mean that the money available for the bishops, priests, and deacons of the Church of England (to use a technical term) will be reduced by about £12,000,000 in the future. That is to say, that when the present incumbents have died or retired, the income of their successors will be reduced on an average by 22 per cent. So, I repeat, a man who decides to be ordained cannot be accused of worldly ambition. There are still, it is true, one or two plums, like that of the Deanery of Westminster, which gives the Rev. Foxley Norris £3,000 a year and a lovely house. But times have changed since the younger sons of rich families were put into the Church, where they automatically received fat benefices, a goodly quantity of glebe, any amount of hunting; and in fact had a very jolly life.

Even now there is one private living to every six or seven that are given in the ordinary way, but even in their case the patronages are coming more and more into the hands of the bishops. Thus the incumbency of Epping is shortly becoming vacant. It is in the gift of a private individual. But what happens is that the secretary of the Bishop of Chelmsford writes a letter to the Parochial Church Council at Epping, giving them the opportunity of making representations inside thirty days as to the sort of person they would like as their new vicar. They are not in a position to particularise. In this instance I understand that the Parochial Church Council is not exercising its prerogative, and the bishop will presumably accept whoever is selected.

At present the net income of the incumbent of Epping is £758 a year, and carries with it a large house, but needs somebody with private means to run it successfully. It is true that in the last few years vicars and rectors have received permission to pull down the old rectory or vicarage and build a new and more suitable one, providing they do not spend less than £3,000. It is generally considered, however, that the new vicarages are on the whole not a great improvement, even though the old type is hard to sell, seldom have central heating for constant hot water, and invariably need extra baths.

From Church statistics I note that there are 17,092 incumbents and assistant curates. Of diocesan bishops there are only forty, so the odds against getting a mitre are very considerable. Technically, the appointment of a bishop is made by the Prime Minister, but in the ordinary course of events the Archbishop of Canterbury is sounded on the subject; and only once since the beginning of the century has there been a bishop who was appointed chiefly for political reasons. This will probably never happen again.

Speaking generally, advancement in the Church will go not to the worldly fellow, for the muscular Christian is at a discount. His heartiness is overdone; his superficiality is found out. Even when you become a bishop your income can be as little as £2,400 a year, though the Bishop of London receives £10,000 a year, and the Archbishop of Canterbury £15,000 a year. The late Doctor Davidson, however, who was a very frugal man, said that if he had not had any private means he could not have maintained his position as Archbishop. The old Palace at Canterbury, as well as Lambeth Palace, both cost a great deal to keep up. In addition, there is a considerable secretariat.

It has been suggested more than once that bishops should be chosen by popular election, but this is not thought to be a good scheme. For it would be the mediocre man who would most likely be appointed, instead of a strong type.

But let us take a boy who is destined for the Church. He will probably go through a public school and the university. He will then spend one or two years at a theological college, where his fees will be about £40 or £50 per term. The young man will then get in touch with a vicar, who will give him a "title" to an income. It will not be before this that the bishop accepts him for ordination, because by Canon Law a bishop is responsible for the clergy he ordains, and he will naturally not ordain anyone who is not entitled to some kind of a stipend. This will probably be between £150 and £180 a year, and may be paid either out of the vicar's or rector's pocket or out of the parochial funds. After about two years of apprenticeship there, the young man will presumably look for another parish where he will be assistant to the vicar or rector, and may receive anything up to £300 a year.

On an average, a young man entering the Church to-day can generally expect to be beneficed within ten years of ordination, for which, however, his minimum age is twenty-three. As a vicar his income can vary considerably. The largest gross income in London is that of the incumbent at St. Luke, Chelsea. It is £5,070. The net income, however—and that is what matters—is £2,209 a year. St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, has a net income of £2,456 a year. That of St. Mary, Harrow, is £2,545. The Rev. "Tubby" Clayton at All Hallows, Barking, has a net income of £1,949 a year, while the Rev. Pat McCormick at St. Martin-in-the-Fields has a net income of £2,316 and a lovely house next to the church. By contrast, the Rev. W. F. Geikie-Cobb has a net income of only £672 at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. But as he exercises his private judgment in marrying divorced persons, though this is not the law of the Church, his income is somewhat larger than this. Formerly the Savoy Chapel used to be the Mecca of divorcees wishing to get married, but the successor of Hugh Chapman does not follow in his footsteps.

An even greater disparity in income is that of the unfortunate incumbent at Wembley, whose net income is only £579 a year, although his parish, according to the census of 1931, was 15,130, and by now has increased still further. No wonder there is a scheme afoot, though an abortive one at present, to redistribute certain endowments.

It is always possible, of course, for a scholarly clergyman to turn his attention towards what might be described as the equivalent of staff jobs in the army. By this I mean he might, if a scholar, hope to become a canon or dean, with more leisure for research. For as a canon he would become a member of a collegiate body without direct contact with parishioners. The Dean of St. Paul's receives £2,000 a year, but this contrasts favourably with the £600 a year which is the income of the Dean of Salisbury. Many clergymen, of course, become headmasters, and from the headmastership of a famous public school become bishops or the heads of colleges at Oxford or Cambridge. Doctor David, for example, was headmaster of Rugby and is now Bishop of Liverpool.

My own grandfather, in fact, was a bishop, but what his income was I do not know. He had, however, some good stories to tell of certain of the incumbents in his diocese. It was his habit to pay unheralded visits to various churches and sit as a member of the congregation incognito. On one occasion he could not understand what on earth a clergyman was saying in his sermon. The latter had a fine voice, and though one could hear almost every word, the sequence seemed to be too spasmodic to be coherent. After the sermon he went into the vestry, and having noticed that the sermon had been read and was not extemporary, he asked to see the text. He was shown it and discovered that it was so dog-eared that the last two words in every line were indecipherable. The clergyman, however, undeterred by this, had skipped the missing words by only a change in voice.

How often bishops to-day read sermons written by somebody else years ago I do not know. I can only say that it was my recent experience in Ireland to hear a sermon read from the printed text by the local bishop. This is not what you would expect from someone so high up in the Church.

In view of the general underpayment of the Church in England it is interesting to notice that the number of young men entering for the Ordination Examination continues to increase. In the past ten years 4,872 ordinations have taken place.

In conclusion, the most recent figures of new churches built or rebuilt and consecrated since 1925 show that there are 217 in all, of which Southwark alone can claim eighteen. Last of all comes the interesting figure of £179,794 as being the sum total of the Easter offerings of 1934, the last year for which full statistics are available.

"THE KEEL THAT CUT ITS FURROW THROUGH THE SEAS OF THE ROUND WORLD": The replica of the *Golden Hind*, the vessel in which Drake circumnavigated the globe, putting out to sea at Plymouth after being re-fitted in readiness for Navy Week which opens simultaneously on August 1, at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Plymouth. The original *Golden Hind* was a ship of one hundred tons with an armament of eighteen guns, and, although Queen Elizabeth gave orders for its preservation, it had so decayed within a hundred years that it had to be broken up. The model is exactly half the size of the original, and is based on a drawing in the Pepsyian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge

SHIPS and the SEA

MYSTERY OF THE DEEP: When this Lowestoft drifter came to grief near Scalby Ness her lights were burning but coastguards on reaching her found there was no one on board. The explanation was forthcoming when a message arrived that she had cut adrift from the vessel towing her

THE CAT THAT LIVED BY ITSELF: The ship's pet of the *Herzogin Cecilie*, the famous Australian grain racer that recently went on the rocks at Salcombe, Devon, refused to leave its home although doubtless having no liking for the encroaching waters. The attempts to salvage the vessel have now succeeded

A CHILDREN'S MEMORIAL to KING GEORGE

Fortunino Matania's Design for a Group of Statuary Inspired by the King's Speech to the Empire's Youth on Jubilee Day, 1935

A short time ago "The Sphere" approached its special artist, Fortunino Matania, with the suggestion that he should devise a group which would perpetuate the memory of the late King George in a manner less formal than is usual with official statuary. It was suggested to Mr. Matania that he should draft out a scheme which had the King as a central figure, with four subsidiary groups on lower pedestals. Mr. Matania replied that he had already drafted out a scheme following in outline the idea which we had put before him. It differed, however, materially in detail. "On Jubilee Day, 1935," he said in a letter, "I was standing at an open window of my studio when I became aware of a voice from someone unseen speaking from a neighbouring garden. In a few moments I realised that it was King George broadcasting to British children in every part of the Empire, and, in fact, in every part of the world, where they might be at that moment. I was standing quite alone, and there was no living person within view—only this voice from someone unseen came across to me. I do not remember any occasion on which I have been more touched than by the beautiful words which I heard on that afternoon. I immediately went away and drafted out this scheme." Here the reader can see how Mr. Matania embodies in bronze and marble the idea which came to him. It shows King George seated on a central raised pedestal with the microphone at his side. His crown and sceptre are at his feet. At the four corners of the memorial are groups representing the four continents—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. That Mr. Matania's scheme would provide a very beautiful Children's Memorial to King George we are convinced. At the moment we can but put it before our readers as he has given it to us

THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE: The inspiring group designed by Fortunino Matania, R.I., showing King George in

HIS LATE MAJESTY'S JUBILEE DAY MESSAGE:

A Pronouncement that Gave Mr. Matania His Idea for a Memorial

AT the close of this memorable day I must speak to my people everywhere. Yet how can I express what is in my heart? As I passed this morning through cheering multitudes to and from St. Paul's Cathedral, as I thought there of all that these twenty-five years have brought to me and to my country and my Empire, how could I fail to be most deeply moved? Words cannot express my thoughts and feelings. I can only say to you, my very dear people, that the Queen and I thank you from the depth of our hearts for all the loyalty and—may I say?—the love with which this day and always you have surrounded us. I dedicate myself anew to your service for the years that may still be given to me.

I look back on the past with thankfulness to God. My people and I have come through great trials and difficulties together. They are not over. In the midst of this day's rejoicing I grieve to think of the numbers of my people who are still without work. We owe to them, and not least to those who are suffering from any form of disablement, all the sympathy and help that we can give. I hope that during this Jubilee

in the centre with a microphone beside him and the children of four continents, represented by the four subsidiary groups, listening-in to his words

THE HISTORIC BROADCAST WITH ITS SPECIAL CALL TO THE CHILDREN

Year all who can will do their utmost to find them work and bring them hope.

Other anxieties may be in store. But I am persuaded that with God's help they may all be overcome, if we meet them with confidence, courage, and unity. So I look forward to the future with faith and hobe.

It is to the young that the future belongs. I trust that through the Fund inaugurated by my dear son the Prince of Wales to commemorate this year many of them throughout the country may be helped in body, mind, and character to become useful citizens.

To the children I would like to send a special message. Let me say this to each of them whom my words may reach:—The King is speaking to you. I ask you to remember that in days to come you will be the citizens of a great Empire.

As you grow up always keep this thought before you; and when the time comes be ready and proud to give to your country the service of your work, your mind, and your heart.

I have been greatly touched by all the greetings which have come to me to-day from my Dominions and Colonies, from India, and from this Home Country.

My heart goes out to all who may be listening to me now wherever you may be—here at home in town or village, or in some far-off corner of the Empire, or it may be on the high seas.

Let me end my words to you with those which Queen Victoria used after her Diamond Jubilee, thirty-eight years ago. No words could more truly or simply express my own deep feeling now: "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them."

CLASSES FOR POINTSMEN IN HOLLAND: Members of Amsterdam police force undergoing instruction in traffic control

The Toll of the Road in Western Europe

Roy Elston Describes How Other Cities and Countries are Tackling the Traffic Problem

INTERESTING, and sometimes surprising, facts of general application emerge from a comparison of the peculiar traffic problems in various European cities. In the first place, the tendency with accident figures is slightly downwards, which is sufficient proof that the measures adopted in Western European countries for the purpose of reducing road dangers have justified themselves.

Meanwhile, wherever you look at figures—Berlin, Amsterdam, Brussels, Stockholm—one fact stands out from the complex statistical returns now fairly generally adopted by traffic authorities: that lack of care on the part of motorists is still the chief cause of accident. The Dutch figures for a recent year, which are among the fullest and most accurate traffic figures published show 35,158 accidents due to avoidable faults on the part of motor drivers; and 3,413 due to avoidable faults on the part of pedestrians. Similar proportions are shown by the figures of other European traffic authorities.

Here is a German opinion recently put before me: "We believe our traffic regulations and control systems to be completely effective; but no amount of regulations can drill caution or good manners into the habitually reckless and careless driver. That is why many of us have come to the conclusion that the police, in traffic questions, must be given wider powers, and many of the road faults now regarded only as breaches of good road manners, must be dealt with as criminal offences."

It is an opinion supported by recent German traffic regulations which gave greater power to the police. I have not been able to secure figures for the ensuing period; but I am told that the result has been markedly successful. Similar regulations were recently enforced in Holland, where there have been many prosecutions for offences such as "cutting-in," "dangerously overtaking," etc., which have always been a fruitful cause of accident.

A traffic expert in Brussels gave me as his opinion that road offences which merely involve risk to human life must be treated as seriously as those which actually claim a victim. "There is no reason why the lucky ones should be treated more tenderly than the unlucky ones." In most of the centres visited, this view seems to be gaining ground, and I believe it will not be very long before motoring offences will be generally multiplied and penalties increased in severity.

Meanwhile, it is agreed that what is needed, above all, is some kind of traffic educational system. "It is beyond doubt," said Heer H.W.O. de Bruyn, secretary of the Dutch Road Congress and Dutch delegate to the International Road Congress at Munich, "that an uninterrupted propaganda aimed at the observance of rules of the road, and at proper road behaviour, powerfully contributes toward traffic security." The Dutch Touring Club, of which Heer de Bruyn is director, and which is the largest traffic organisation in Holland, has already done a great deal in this direction, and, with the collaboration of the police, is pursuing its campaign even to the schools.

There is one class of the community which seems as if it could well do with some such education. This class is chiefly composed of drivers of motor vehicles between the ages of 18 and 28. Is that a particularly reckless, or a particularly careless, age? In Milan, the chief offenders against the traffic regulations were stated to be "young men under 30, who have been driving for anything from three to seven years." An authority in Brussels agreed that most of their difficulties were with "boys who think it a form of sport to try to outwit the police." In Holland and Germany, cold figures show definitely that youth makes itself rather a nuisance on the road.

It is hardly a question of inexperience. In Berlin, in a recent year, 10,255 offenders had their licences for periods from one to five years; only 2,871 had had their licences for less than one year; and 7,629 had been driving for longer than five years. In Amsterdam over 30 per cent. of those involved in traffic accidents for the first half of last year were between the ages of nineteen and twenty-nine.

Carelessness, or recklessness, is the cause of the accident in the large majority of cases. In one city, which is fairly representative of them all, out of 3,978 accidents, 3,216 were caused by motor drivers who disregarded the ordinary rules of the road. Oddly enough, 1,452 of this number of accidents were brought about as the result of driving faults, which can only be placed generally under the heading of "Dangerous Driving." Of the total number, pedestrians were responsible for 346 accidents; the condition of the roads for 280; and defective vehicles for 50. In Berlin, 7,364 accidents were caused by drivers; 1,948 were the fault of pedestrians; 325 were due to defective vehicles (98 faulty brakes, 67 faulty steering-gear, 50 faulty lighting); and 63 to skidding.

I have mentioned these facts to show that, judging by investigations in five or six leading cities of the Continent, the traffic problem, so far as it is a question affecting the safety of human life, will be largely solved when all motor drivers learn to behave themselves with a reasonable amount of caution and decency.

The preparation of sub-divided accident statistics, similar to those introduced by the Ministry of Transport, is obviously an excellent thing. Where such statistics have existed over a fairly long period, as in Germany, they are of very definite assistance to the authorities, and make it possible to frame regulations based on particular experience. Thus, in Berlin, the figures having shown an increasing number of accidents due to defective vehicles, special effort was directed to this evil, and within three years the figures were reduced by slightly less than half. I believe this study of particular causes, and the framing of regulations to meet them, to offer the greatest possibilities for the solution of the traffic accident problem.

For example, such investigation has led one European Government to conclude that fatigue is a cause of many motor accidents, and to propose regulations designed to lessen this evil. Thus, light cars used throughout the day for business purposes may not be used between the hours of 10 p.m. and 6 a.m., a measure probably aimed chiefly at the commercial traveller class, whose members are frequently far too long continuously at the wheel.

Another regulation obliges the drivers of lorries engaged on night duty to rest for thirty minutes after the first four hours of driving. The proposals have met with fierce criticism, but they are an effort to cope with what may, in fact, be a serious danger. Habitual motorists are in a state of overtiredness more often than they think.

The automatic light-signalling systems now in operation in almost every European and American city do not seem to have had as much influence upon road risks as was expected; on the other hand, except in the very busy traffic centres of large cities, they have been found to result in a serious slowing-up of traffic. Their principal virtue seems to be economy. The traffic authorities of Milan stated that the introduction of automatic light signals has brought about a saving of 77 per cent. in costs. Economy has also persuaded the Belgian police to substitute the automatic light system for traffic police; but in the present state of Belgian municipal funds that is almost a necessity.

Germany, on the other hand, is becoming more and more critical of the automatic system except at traffic nerve-centres; and Germany should know. The system has been tried out longer, and more effectively, in the big cities of the Reich than anywhere else in Europe. The whole question of traffic control has been studied there with characteristic and admirable thoroughness, and the conclusion come to seems to be that highly-trained traffic police, with wide discretionary powers, are more than ever necessary; and further, that light systems, centrally controlled, are not an unmixed blessing.

It is probable that a complicated extension of the pedal-system, similar to that tried out last year in the suburb of Charlottenburg, outside Berlin, may subsequently be found desirable in those parts of the city where traffic, while not busy enough to justify frequent police-posts, is nevertheless too numerous to be left to its own devices.

And what of the silence problem? It is too soon yet to see any pointed results where the prohibition of the horn has been enforced. If we take Brussels as an example, the figures look ominous. The motor horn was abolished in that city last year, and in the first four months of the enforcement of the new regulations there was a very considerable increase in accidents. These are the figures:—

ACCIDENTS	1935	1936
January - -	387	434
February - -	328	462
March - -	366	499
April - -	388	506
Total, four months	1,469	1,901

(Continued on page 586)

On right—TRAINING THE YOUNG IDEA: A girl receiving a medal after passing police traffic tests. A picture illustrating one of the methods of making the children road conscious now being employed in Sweden with considerable success

BALLETS RUSSES

Colonel de Basil's Company at Covent Garden

GRACEFUL POSES on the stage at Covent Garden during the first night of the Ballets Russes season given by Colonel de Basil and his talented company

SUSPENDED ANIMATION: Vera Zorina and Roman Jasinsky in *Le Mariage d'Aurore*, one of the principal items in the Company's extensive and varied repertoire

THEY FLY THROUGH THE AIR: Another impression of *Le Mariage d'Aurore*, which is based on the last act of Diaghilev's sumptuous production of Tchaikowsky's *La Belle au Bois Dormant*. It is a stately and classical ballet

ROMAN JASINSKY with one of his partners in the dance. He is always a delight to watch and this year is better than ever

RHYTHM OF THE DANCE: *Above and on right.*—Instantaneous camera studies that reveal the unwearying precision and polished technique of Colonel de Basil's Company. Our dramatic critic reviews the performances on pp. 568–569

BRIGHT FARE AT THE ST. MARTIN'S: Two episodes in the new comedy, *Heroes Don't Care*. *Left*—Sir Edward Pakenham (Felix Aylmer; centre) and his attractive wife Polly (Carol Goodner) are preparing to retire for the night—their last together before he leaves on a Polar expedition—when a member of the party (Frederick Piper) brings a telegram saying some of the stores have been mislaid. *Right*—Connie Crawford (Coral Brown), the aviatrix who has set her heart on accompanying the expedition

"OH DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?" Sir Edward Pakenham being patched up after his 'plane had come to grief, leaving him somewhat the worse for wear. Another scene from *Heroes Don't Care* at the St. Martin's Theatre

PLAYS, FILMS, AND

The Embassy, Home of Winning Causes, does it Again : Basil, Blum, and Ballet —An Historical Film without George Arliss in the Lead !

I DO not expect again to see a religious and political discussion treated with such diplomacy and at such a high level of interest as it is in *Professor Bernhardi*, produced last week at that home of winning causes, the Embassy Theatre. The author is Schnitzler, whose sparkling *Anatol* playlets many will remember, and the translation is by Messrs. Louis Borell and Ronald Adam.

Now the contest between scientific rationalism and religious fanaticism is almost as old as Adam, and certainly much older than Mr. Ronald Adam. Anti-Semitism and pro-Semitism are of more recent growth—emphasis on the gulf between them, that is to say—and that is something most of us deplore. Such delicate ground is trodden by the author with a sense of proportion and also a sense of humour (which possibly amounts to much the same thing).

Here the battle is not between Jew and Christian as such so much as between a common-sense scientist who happens to be a Jew and a mystic who happens to be a Christian. Both characters are drawn sympathetically.

From this preamble it may be suspected that *Professor Bernhardi* is strong meat. It is not meat for babes or nit-wits, for which we may be truly thankful. With nine-hundred-and-nine nine of the so-called serious plays out of a thousand produced nowadays dealing with love in its various forms (usually the adulterous form), murder, gangsters, or some solvable or unsolvable but invariably dull "mystery," it is good to find a new channel explored and explored so well. The discussion arising from the initial incident is brilliantly contrived and written, is spiced with ironic wit, and never approaches boredom, which is "leagues and a thousand miles away."

That incident is short and compact. Bernhardi is a Viennese doctor and a Jew. His patient is a Roman Catholic, who is dying, but does not know that she is dying. A priest is summoned to give her absolution. Bernhardi refuses to let him see her. The reason for his refusal is not religious nor is it scientific, though he stands throughout as primarily a scientist; it is simply that he would be lacking in humanity if he allowed the presence of the priest to change the woman from a state of serene happiness and hope to one of hysterical terror at the approach of death.

That is all. Much may be said for the point of view of both the doctor and the priest, and much is said in this original and, I think, extremely valuable drama. The author I suspect to be on the side of the doctor, particularly when the whole town is sent into a pother by his action, and anti-Semitism inevitably puts its ugly finger in the pie, although not to any great extent. Also, Schnitzler is obviously an anti-Clericalist.

I make no apology for thus dealing at length with a play at an outlying theatre, a play which may never come to central London, and would probably lose money if it did. It has more merit in it both as a play and as an inducement for some good hard thinking than the whole of, theatrically speaking, Shaftesbury Avenue and the Strand put together.

The acting is flawless. Mr. Abraham Sofaer plays the Jew doctor with all the dignity and subtlety of the best types of his race; since the retirement of Henry Ainley the British stage has surely known no finer voice than this. The part of the priest is less showy, but Mr. Bernard Merefield was equally striking. Mr. Alan Wheatley and Mr. Ronald Adam were other important elements in a team which had no tail.

BOX AT THE BALLET: Ex-King minster, Lady Londonderry, Garden, where they went to

Russian Ballet.—"To Basil or to Blum, that is the question." Whether it is better, in face of the slings and arrows of outrageous criticism, to prefer De Basil at Covent Garden to Blum at the Alhambra, or vice versa, does not seem to me to matter.

The main point is that here in London are the best two ballet companies in the world performing simultaneously. If there is a little friendly, or even unfriendly, rivalry, London ballet enthusiasts, who are growing in number, stand to gain by it.

The De Basil company are the more recent comers, and they have the advantage of appearing at a theatre with the prestige of Covent Garden, and of attracting the attention of a fairly large portion of the fashionable public who would go to Covent Garden at this time of year whatever was happening on the stage, and who would be just as appreciative, or the reverse, of dancing dervishes as of the dancing of Danilova and Riabouchinska.

Moreover, the London Philharmonic Orchestra, undoubtedly the best orchestra in the country, remains. Considering the excellence of these players, it is a

SCREEN BIOGRAPHY: Paul Muni (left) *of Louis Pasteur* which had its Muni, despite the disadvantage of make-up experts quite a striking re

RAILROAD EPIC: Lili Palmer, a young Gaumont-British player, who has a part in *The Great Barrier*, a film based on the history of the Canadian Pacific Company, and the cast of which has just left in the *Empress of Britain* prior to starting work in the Dominion

ROMANCE IN LIMEHOUSE: Chen (Emlyn Will London's East End, and Lucy (Dolly Haas) the in love and whom he nurses back to health afte scene from *Broken Blossoms*—a Twickenham film Emlyn Williams from Thomas Burke's story Chi Pavilion and the talented cast also includes Arth

BALLET : *Reviewed by* PHILIP PAGE

pity that so far some ballet performances have been musically disappointing. It is true that the orchestra, instead of being conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham or Herr Fritz Reiner, is in charge of conductors who are not so distinguished, and whose concern is naturally with the dancing rather than with the playing. In ballet, it goes without saying, the dancing is the main thing. But it is not the sole thing; it has been proved time and time again that a ballet may be terpsichoreally perfect without being musically deficient. At Covent Garden last week this was frequently not the case.

I take *Choreartium*, the ballet-fied form of Brahms' Fourth Symphony. That Brahms may be turning in his grave at the idea of his symphony being danced to at all need not concern us; it is a fine work, though not necessarily sacred. What is more important is that many Brahms lovers must have been turning in their stalls at a performance of the music which would have caused a riot of the wrong sort at the Queen's Hall, and would have disgraced any concert hall the world over. This was not the fault of the individual members of the orchestra, who probably suffered as much as anyone. It was because the conductor was content, and was possibly forced, to twist the music out of all recognition to suit the actions and posturings of the dancers.

Alfonso with the Duchess of West- and Lady Honor Channon at Covent see Colonel de Basil's company

And some of those actions seemed to me so egregiously silly. If the whole of this ballet is to be regarded as symbolic (which I believe to be the case) what, precisely, is the symbolism of directing that on each of the opening chords of the *Passacaglia* finale young men dressed as Hamlet should shoot up in the air, twiddle round a few times, and come to earth again with an expression of amiable imbecility? Perhaps M. Massine for whom, as a dancer, I have such admiration, will explain.

If symphonies must be danced to they should also be played accurately and decently. There is, however, so much music, old and new, written for ballet purposes, music which in a theatre is so much more appropriate and effective, that I fail to see why balletomania should slop over into the symphonic world.

Aurora's Wedding, for instance. Popular though some of his symphonies are, Tchaikovsky was greater as a composer for the theatre; indeed, it is just that theatrical element which makes his symphonies a little garish. In *Aurora*, stately and classical, there are some splendid dancing tunes, and dancers of the calibre of Riabouchinska and Lichine to interpret them. I liked the Chinese episode, which does not pretend to be realistic, and the Master of Ceremonies, who "did nothing in particular but did it very well."

La Boutique Fantasque is another true ballet, some Rossini piano pieces forming the background to an amusing, if conventional story. The Can-Can of Mlle Danilova and M. Massine is the outstanding feature.

HIS ACCUSERS: The court-martial at which Dr. Mudd (Warner Baxter) is sentenced to deportation for complicity in the murder of Abraham Lincoln. An incident in the *Prisoner of Shark Island* at the Regal. *On right*—Dr. Mudd as a prisoner

in the title-role of the film, *The Story* première at the New Gallery on June 22. his comparative youth, has been given by semblance to the great French scientist

HELENE KIRSOVA as one of the three puppets in the ballet *Petrouchka* included in the repertoire of the company Sir Oswald Stoll is now presenting at the Alhambra under the direction of René Blum

yn Williams), the young Chinese missionary in s), the white girl with whom he falls desperately th after rescuing her from her bullying father. A m film produced by Julius Hagen and adapted by ry *Chink and the Child*. It is now at the London es Arthur Margetson, C. V France, and Basil Radford

ACTING WITH THE O.U.D.S.:—Lady Caroline Paget who has been appearing as Phoebe, the shepherdess, in the Oxford University Dramatic Society's production of *As You Like It*. She is a great acting enthusiast and is particularly interested in the classic drama

De Falla's *The Three-Cornered Hat*, with its musical quotations from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and from Charpentier's *Louise*, is also essentially a ballet, and a very vital and lively one. Mlle Toumanova, as the miller's wife, lost many points made by her predecessors, and did not appear to have that keen sense of rhythm above all demanded in Spanish dancing. But when she becomes less conscious of her audience and more restrained in her style she is likely to become a first-class dancer.

Mlle Danilova in *The Fire Bird* was quite perfect. I am glad that this relic of the days when Stravinsky was a genius instead of being merely a man of talent is again included.

Le Beau Danube is another delicious favourite. On the whole it is beautifully done. But I venture to think that that is just *not* the way to dance the famous Blue Danube waltz, which should surely be languorous, easy, smooth, and voluptuous, and not a matter of acrobatic weight-lifting. Such lapses from taste and good sense have so far this season been extremely rare.

"The Story of Louis Pasteur" (Film).—There are several ways in which *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, a film I saw at the New Gallery, differs from the majority of such productions. In the first place, *tout court*, it is better. A simple and unsubtle distinction, yet an important one.

Secondly, here we have an historical film in which the title role is not played by Mr. George Arliss.

Thirdly, none of the conventional descriptive phrases (see film advertisements in the daily press, *passim*) is in the least applicable.

The American publicity man (and this is, strange to say, an American film) who could evolve verbal bait on the familiar lines of "two lonely hearts caught in a whirlpool of throbbing passion" or "he wanted to be true to his wife, rich and proud . . . but he loved his secretary" from this story of the great Pasteur I am ready to proclaim as a miracle-worker. It is quite likely that he will try.

The Guitrys saw the dramatic possibilities of Pasteur's life story, and Lucien Guitry appeared in London as Pasteur, before. I remember, his late Majesty King George and Queen Mary. The play was effective, though not a masterpiece, and with an actor of smaller calibre than Lucien in the title-role would probably have amounted to very little. The film is more comprehensive. It shows much in addition to the struggles of a clever chemist against the prejudice and stupidity which surrounded him.

Those struggles we see very vividly. But we see also the development of the soul of the man.

(Continued on page 586)

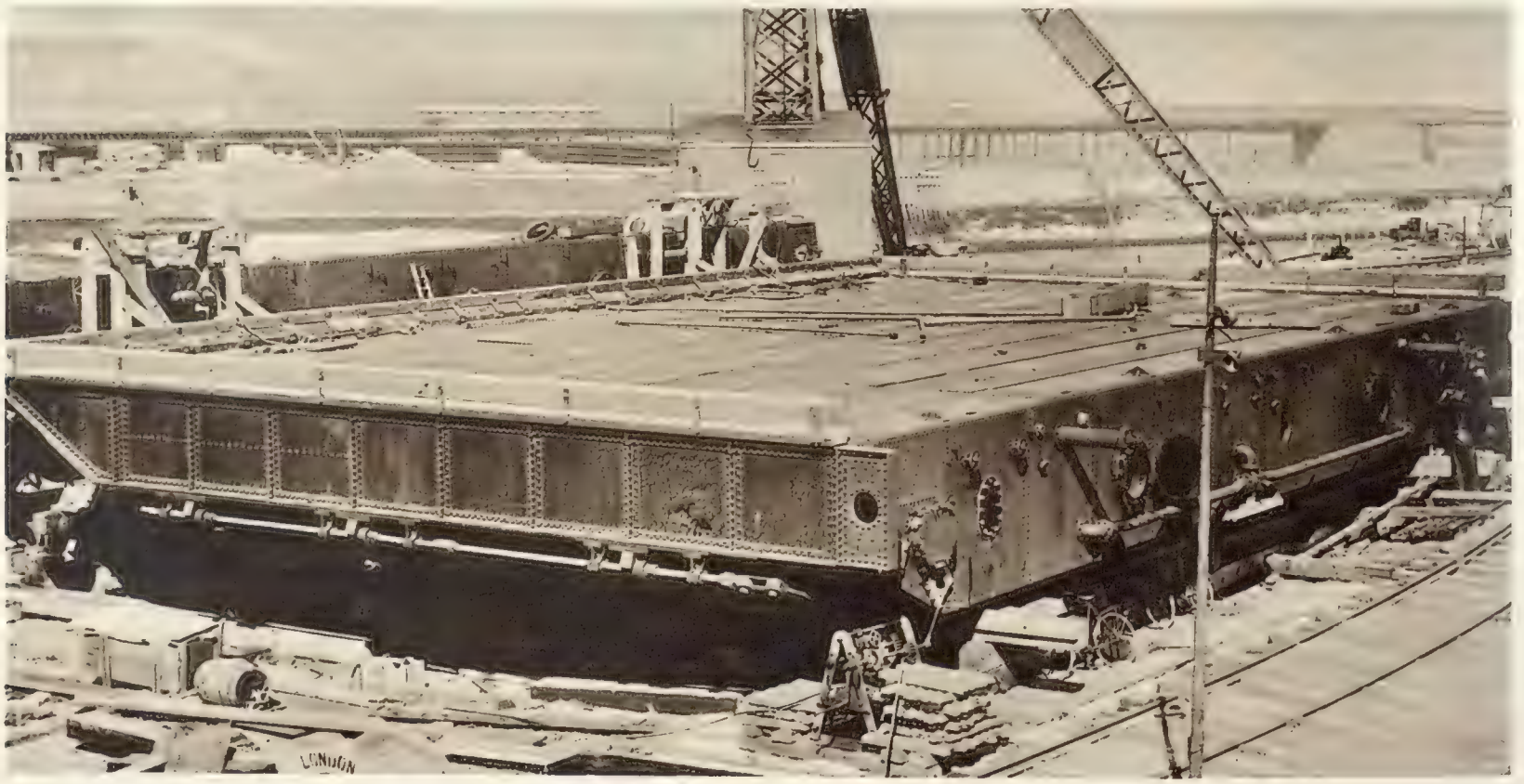
MAINLY MECHANICAL

A Page of Engineering Interest

A GREAT PROJECT AT LAST UNDER WAY: Work in progress on the construction of one of the approaches to the site of Guildford's new cathedral, which is to stand on a hill-top not far from the town. Since the inception of the scheme in 1927 over £47,000 has been given or promised, and it is estimated that the first section of the cathedral will take three years to complete and will involve an expenditure of about £94,000

THE STORSTROM BRIDGE, a structure of 47 steel approach spans and three central navigation spans, which is now well on the way towards completion at Copenhagen and is designed to carry both road and rail traffic. The steelwork, weighing a total of 21,000 tons, has been supplied by Messrs. Dorman Long, and that firm is carrying out the work of construction in collaboration with Messrs. Christiani and Nielsen

BROBDINGNAGIAN DIGGING: *Above and right*—A close-up and a more general view of the mammoth shovel, claimed to be the largest of its kind in the world, in use on "open pit" mining at Terre Haute, Indiana. Illustrative of its immensity is the fact that if it were placed in the middle of a football field it could excavate forty tons of earth from one touchline and dump it on the other at one go, reaching in the process a height about equal to that of a seven-storey building. The machine, which is electrically operated, can move some 3,000 tons of ground in an hour, equal to the work of about 4,000 men with pick and shovel



THE COMFORTABLE ROUTE TO THE CONTINENT: The giant gates of the new Dover dock which is now almost ready, and which will be used for accommodating the ships of the Cross-Channel Ferry Service. Water will be pumped in or out of the enclosed basin according to the state of the tides in order to bring the decks of the vessels level with the quayside, thus allowing of trains being run directly aboard without disturbing the passengers. Sleeping-car expresses leaving Victoria at midnight will arrive in Paris at breakfast time the next morning and the journey will not involve a single change; an improvement that is sure to be welcomed heartily by travellers, and which makes the journey to France as simple a matter as it would be if a Channel Tunnel were in existence. The service also offers advantages for freight transportation, craning at ports being eliminated, and risk of danger to perishable goods being materially reduced

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SPENDING TO SAVE

Economy is Always a Virtue, But Self-Abnegation Can Be Tedious for One's Friends

IT is a sad thing that psychology and common-sense so often fail to find a common meeting place. Nobody will deny the soundness of economy; few people have not, at times, been weighed down by its dulness. And fewer still have not practised it rigorously at one moment or another—only to plunge into an excess of spending in order to make bearable the results of short-sighted thrift

It takes a clever woman to save wisely, without spoiling things for herself or her family. It can only be done by careful planning, by balanced adjustment, and by taking advantage of every chance that comes along

There is a whole heap of difference, for instance, between buying a model gown at from 30 to 40 guineas and getting the same dress for 10. At Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W., whose sale started on June 22, all the original model gowns are being cleared regardless of cost, and those who are young can find fascinating Debutante frocks for as little as 30s. for an evening dress, or 35s. for an afternoon frock in printed matt crêpe

Washing frocks are always a sound investment. Waring's, in Oxford Street, have them in silk, linen, and cotton at 15s. each during their sale which starts on June 29. On that day they are offering a number of fur coats at 10 guineas each, but they will fall to those who are out earliest

Hats, too, can save many a situation. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., are reducing their model millinery from July 6, when original French models will cost only £2. With an eye on the early autumn there are wool jumpers with matching cardigans, in delightful colours, for 15s. each, and tailored, untrimmed tweed coats for £3. Since many of these cost 8½ guineas in the first instance, they should be starred in our campaign for sensible economy

Children's clothes are a never ceasing problem. Play suits in printed cotton, or with light tops and dark shorts, provide a practical summer solution. For girls between six and eleven years of age they cost 6s. 11d. at Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus. Their sale, beginning on June 29, includes shorts from 5s. in white matt cloth to 18s. in heavy white silk, two-piece afternoon dresses in pure silk crêpe de chine for 60s., evening frocks for the same price, and two-piece Viennese wool suits for the full figure at 80s.

Lastly, there are the replacements that are always necessary in the home. Hampton's, of Pall Mall, S.W., are life-savers in this respect, and from June 29 generous deductions will be made in all their departments. Write and ask them for their catalogue, and send for all the others too. They are absorbingly interesting

"LA PLAGE DE TROUVILLE": This picture, which represents so interestingly the fashions of the Second Empire, belongs to the celebrated collection of paintings and water-colours by Eugène Boudin, the property of Monsieur Laffon, of Paris, which is to be sold by auction at Sotheby's on Thursday, July 9. Boudin, who died in 1898, was a disciple of the great Corot and specialised in seascapes, some of the more notable of which are treasured possessions of the Luxembourg Gallery and Wallace Collection

SUMMER AT THE SEASIDE: "Trouville Plage, Figures et Cabanes"—another characteristic work by Boudin which will appear in the forthcoming sale. It is dated 1866 when the artist was forty-two

The Art of Eugène Boudin

Works in the Saleroom by the Brilliant French Seascape Artist

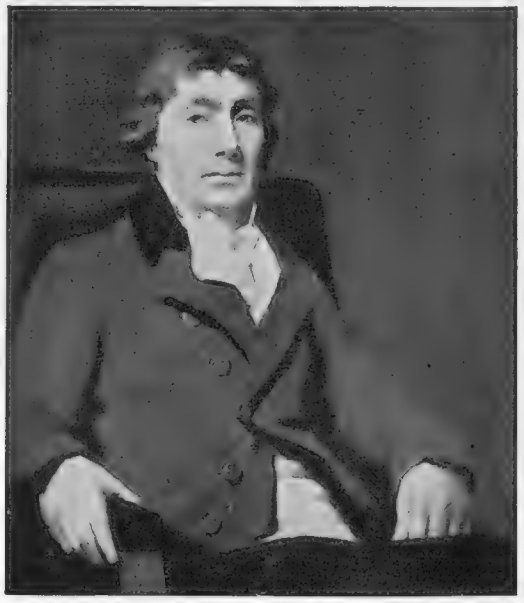
THE work of Eugène Boudin is well known, and there are few who do not appreciate his delicious little pictures of the seashore around Trouville. M. Laffon of Paris, a private collector of nineteenth-century French art, has sent twenty-two examples of Boudin's paintings and water colours to be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on July 9, thus affording a rare opportunity of seeing a larger collection of this artist's work than is likely to be afforded elsewhere.

Boudin, who was born in 1824, began his life by the sea, went to work as a cabin boy, a natural choice as his father was a Havre pilot, and he ended by painting the sea, the shore, and the sky, that he had seen and watched all his life. He became a protégé of Constant Troyon, whose skill in painting cattle in landscapes had brought him wealth, and whose kindly nature prompted him to help struggling fellow artists. It is thought that young Boudin assisted Troyon in some of his skies, for mastery of sky painting became the note of Boudin's art. Corot, whose disciple he also was, called him "the king of sky painters."

He may not have been in the first rank of great artists, but his careful observation of light made him one of the forerunners of the Impressionist school. He put into practice the method of painting by "tone values," turning out lovely seascapes of silvery grey, varied in colour by the groups of people on the shore. Trouville became fashionable during the Second Empire, the Duc de Morny, the half-brother of the Emperor Napoleon III, being greatly interested in it. Boudin began his series of paintings of the *plage* in 1864, and continued working there for many years. Although Boudin did not belong to the advanced Impressionist school, he sympathised with his brother artists—Manet, Claude Monet, Renoir, and others who were rejected by the Salon—and he joined the group who formed exhibitions of the paintings refused by the Salon judges.

Most of Boudin's pictures are small in size, but there is one fairly large one in M. Laffon's collection, "La Plage de Trouville," which depicts a number of people sitting or standing, some holding parasols against the sun-suffused sky. Although the greater number are painted at Trouville, some of the pictures to be sold show harbour scenes and shipping at Havre and Honfleur, and fishing smacks at Etaples.

A HYDRIA OF KALPIS SHAPE: A Greek water carrying vessel of the fifth century, B.C., which will be offered at Christie's July 23 auction. The piece was acquired on the island of Rhodes



BY THE SCOTTISH REYNOLDS: Raeburn's portrait of Andrew Buchanan of Ardenconnel (1745–1835), the property of the late Colonel C. J. Ferguson Buchanan, offered at a Christie sale this week

"A SQUALL OFF YARMOUTH": Fishing boats making for port in a heavy sea. A fine example of the art of John Crome, sold at Christie's this week for Sir Cuthbert Quilter. It comes from Bawdsey Manor, Suffolk

An important sale of old master engravings including one by Dürer of Erasmus at his desk, and a collection of the engravings of Samuel Cousins, belonging to Lord Moyniham, will take place at Sotheby's on the last two days of June and Messrs. Christie's have some good miniatures for sale on the 29th, one of them being a portrait of George Washington by W. R. Birch, which was painted from life for Mr. Acheson of the Oaks, Londonderry, who was an ancestor of the present owner.

Another association with Washington is a silver two-handled cup and cover, a presentation to the Rev. Mr. Jonathan Boucher which is being sold at Christie's on July 1. Mr. Boucher was a clergyman in America before the War of Independence, becoming intimate with Washington, acting for a time as tutor to his stepson. As Mr. Boucher remained loyal to the English cause, this brought about an estrangement with Washington. It is said that when Boucher preached his last sermon in the Colonies on Loyalty he had his pistols lying on the pulpit cushion. He returned to England and was appointed vicar of Epsom.

Next week there will be a two-day sale at Sotheby's of a further portion of the manuscripts and autograph letters belonging to the collection of the late Sir Thomas Phillipps, the great bibliophile who spent nearly £250,000 on purchasing enormous numbers of books and manuscripts. So much was left that though nearly twenty sales have already taken place, it will be a long time before the whole collection is dispersed. This portion consists of charters of abbeys and priories, heraldic visitations, manuscripts relating to the history of Ireland and America, and autograph letters of Queen Henrietta Maria (wife of Charles I), Henry IV of France, Louis XV and XVI, etc. At the great sale of manuscripts last month the Evesham Psalter, described in THE SPHERE, was bought for £2,400 by the National Arts Collection Fund, who are to present this magnificent volume to the British Museum.

A letter from Keats to his brother Thomas, while on a visit to Scotland, describing graphically the climb up Ben Nevis, fetched £1,600 early in May, a huge sum for a four-page letter, but not reaching the truly colossal sum obtained in May 1929 for a single leaf containing the original manuscript of a "Sonnet to Sleep" which realised £2,800. Otherwise manuscripts have not done so well as was expected. The Arnold Bennett correspondence and manuscripts failed to give much satisfaction to the owners who withdrew *The Old Wives Tales* at £1,250, as it had failed to reach the reserve. Mr. Arnold Bennett had refused an offer of £3,000 for this during his lifetime, holding out for £5,000.

The leading event in July in the sale rooms will be the dispersal of the magnificent collections of the late Mr. Henry Oppenheimer, including drawings by Old Masters, medieval and renaissance works of art, engravings and etchings; Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities; and medals, plaquettes, and coins. Five illustrated catalogues have been issued by Christie's.

B. H.

This England . . .

View from Duncton, Sussex, looking East along South Downs.

THE CRAZY quilt of farm and field, hedgerow and copse that covers our island earth is an uniquely English pattern. A pattern woven into the background of each one of us, whence springs of course our love of country things and country ways, their legends and accumulated lore. Gratitude, too, as well as love, for has not country wisdom given us barley such as no others grow and the fat rich-flavoured hop to add thereto? And do not the pick of these, brewed with an ancient cunning, give us such a beer as Worthington? . . . golden, mellow wine of rich harvests.

The World of Books

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

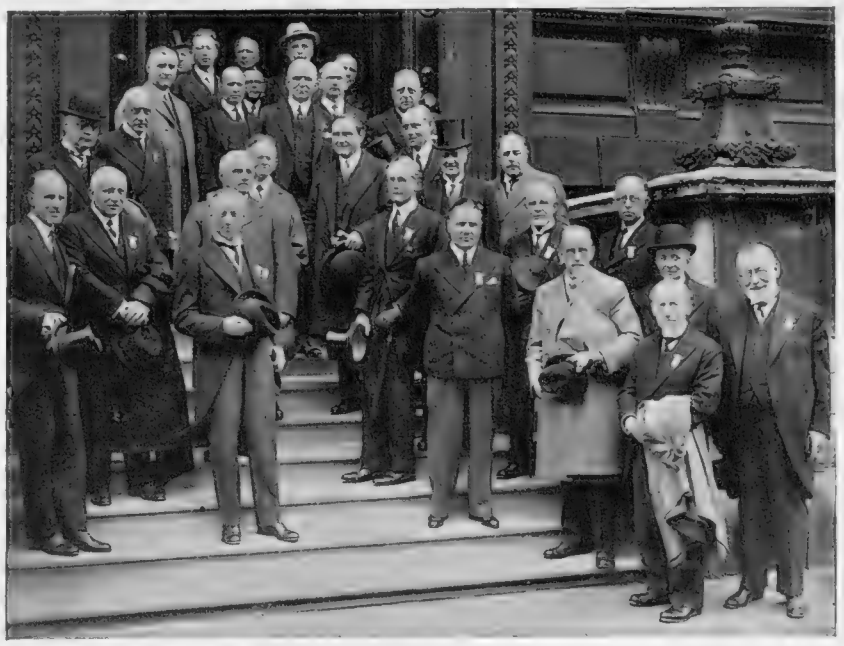
MR. R. H. MOTTRAM, whose *Spanish Farm* has, with the passage of time, become established as a classic among war fiction, has made a sentimental journey back to the battlefields, which he has recorded in JOURNEY TO THE WESTERN FRONT TWENTY YEARS AFTER (Bell. 7s. 6d.). Twenty years ago he left a smitten and desolated land; an abominable scene of carnage and senseless destruction. He returned to find the valleys thick with corn, and the natives, if not exactly dancing and singing, at least getting along with life with very little to remind them of what happened those twenty years ago other than the innumerable cemeteries.

Coalfields are once more coalfields, and the rolling Sussex-like country of the Santerre, which has tragic memories for the Fifth Army, bears few reminders that death walked in those valleys, if one excepts the newly-built towns and the mushroom villages, some of which had suffered a fate worse than that of Carthage.

Mr. Mottram divides the line up into the spheres in which the various armies operated, but remarks how appositely the Norfolk and Suffolk regiments fought over country similar to theirs at home, and that even the troops from the industrial North found themselves in a region not dissimilar to that they knew.

In a sense his was a sentimental journey. How could it be otherwise? But sentimentality is fortunately not this author's vein. How well he writes, and how sensibly, with what knowledge, for he seems during the four years to have covered most of the Western front, and each section revisited sets him off upon a tangent of memory, and upon some reflection, the most heartening of which is perhaps that man's power of destruction, awful and terrible as it may seem in action, is not equal to the recuperative powers which Nature forces upon him.

Life goes on, and there are wars and rumours of wars. During the interval between the last war and what is going on now we have seen a generation lay down its arms, vowing never to take them up again. Through literature and through the arts, war's frightfulness and the terrors of its aftermath have been made clear. In this book Mr. Mottram does not seek to reiterate this lesson. Indeed, there is almost a note of optimism; the wounds may be healed if not forgotten. Those who have nothing to remember may gain pleasure and much instruction from his able pen. Those who have much will read, though their reflections may be best left to the sessions of silent thought.



BOOKMEN MEET: Members of the International Publishers' Congress, who have been conferring in London for the first time for many years, pictured at the Reform Club before leaving for Buckingham Palace where they were received by the King

Optimism of a heartening and constructive kind is the note which Professor Huizinga strikes in his new book, IN THE SHADOW OF TO-MORROW (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). He begins with an examination of that notorious work, *The Decline of the West*, by that equally notorious and natural child of Nietzsche, Oswald Spengler. Upon this basis he builds up a diagnosis of the spiritual distemper of our time; and in his examination the ordinary reader, who in his time has done little more than dabble in philosophy, will find many ideas developed which he will recognise as his own.

Particularly encouraging is the author's attitude towards the younger generation, which he declares to be the equal of any which preceded it in its general fitness to face the difficult tasks before it. It is true that they have been raised in a period where restraints have been loosened, in which there is much dissipation of energy and a good deal of confusion of thought and purpose; but his own experience and his general observations conclude that they are not so lax, lazy, weak, and indifferent as some people would have it. He finds them open-minded generous, spontaneous, and as willing to assume the hardships of realities as they are ready to accept what offers by way of pleasure from modern life. He finds this generation more resilient, with its head higher, and walking a difficult path more easily than its predecessors.

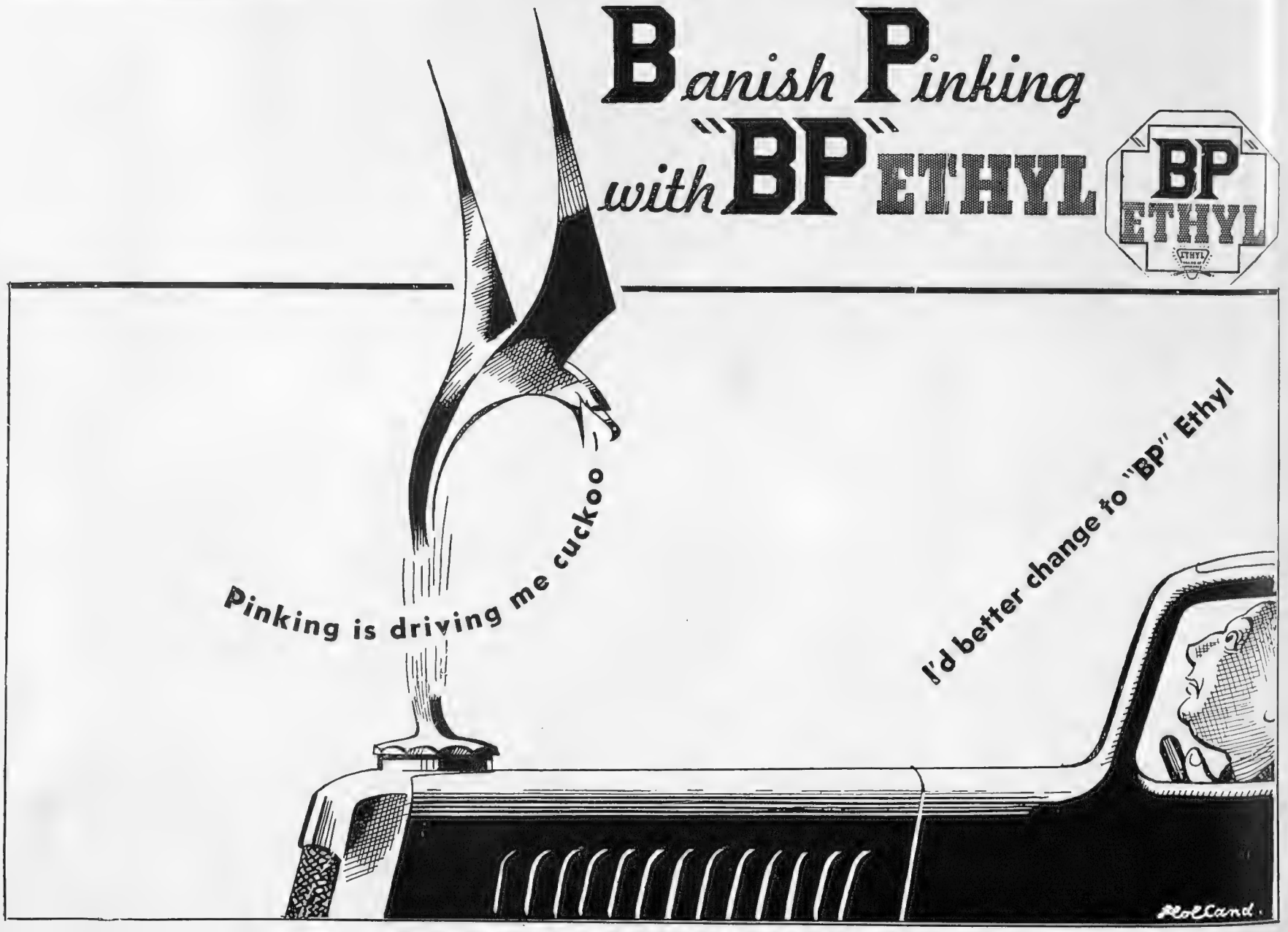
This is an important book; and it has already established for itself a great reputation on the Continent, though not perhaps palatable to the leaders of the present régime in Germany.

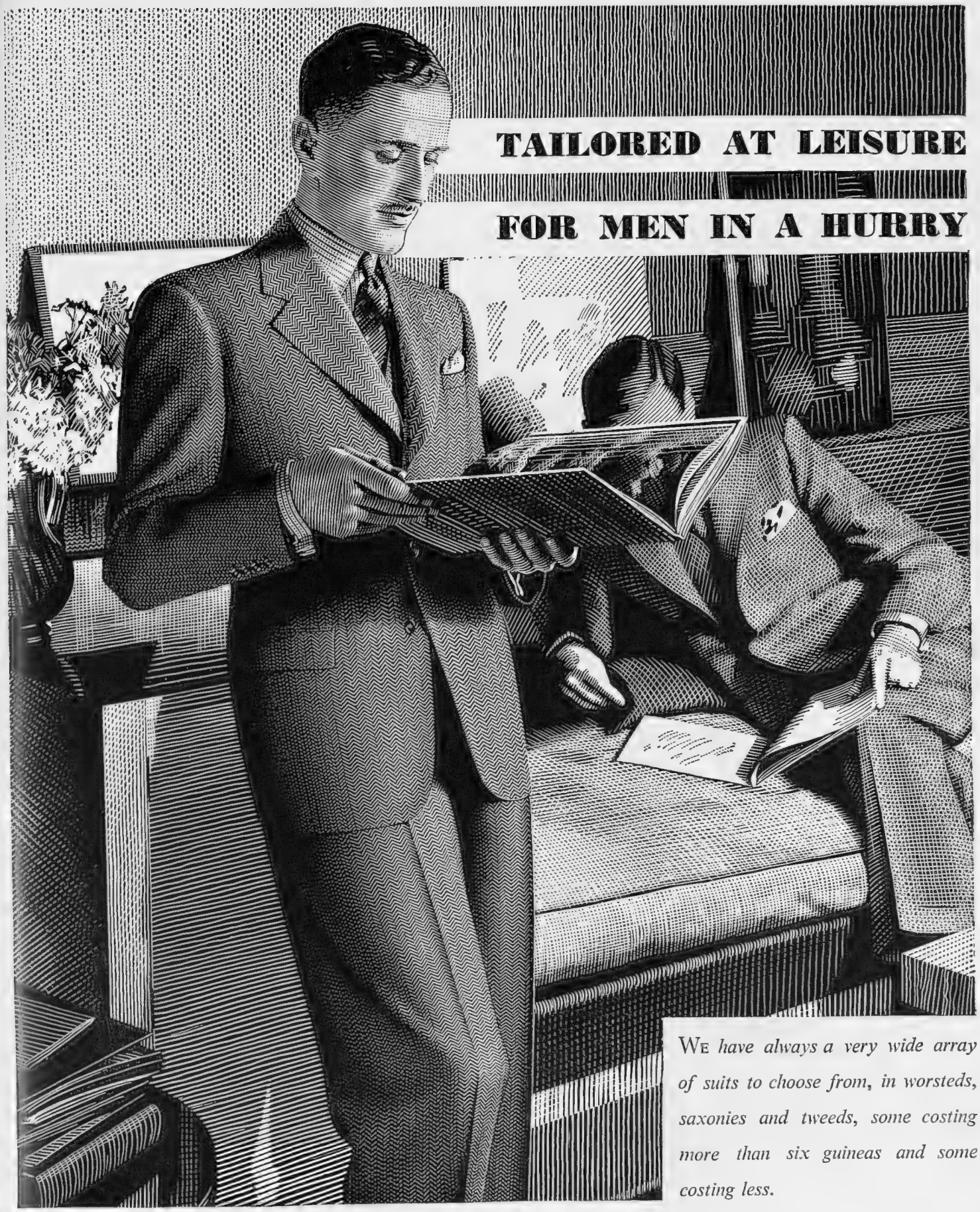
In the days when the "glorious Victorian tradition still existed in its purest perfection," Mrs. Elinor Glyn began to write. Just before the death of Queen Victoria she published *The Visits of Elizabeth*, which was to be one of her greatest successes, and which earned for her a friend's ingenuous comment: "But a really clever person must have written these letters!"

Elinor Glyn who invented that mysterious quality of "it," who startled Edwardian England and delighted the contemporary America with *Three Weeks*, and whose addiction to tiger skins has been celebrated in numberless verses, has written her autobiography, and as one expects, it is exuberant and sincere and irritating and friendly. ROMANTIC ADVENTURE (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 15s.) is a title in the best Glyn tradition, but the book itself is better than that tradition. As a period piece alone it has great charm, and the author's views on divorce and Edwardian house-parties and the girl of to-day are a combination of cynicism and *naiveté*, which a writer of this decade would find it difficult to imitate.

Typically, and because by birth and upbringing that had been her background, Mrs. Glyn's own story is concerned with the very rich and the very great. Kings, queens, grand-duchesses, American millionaires, and Charlie Chaplin have been among the author's friends, and when she has travelled it has been with

(Continued on page 578)





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The World of Books

(Continued from p. 576)

AXEL MUNTHE: The pastel portrait by Countess Feo Gleichen which forms the frontispiece of the new illustrated edition of *The Story of San Michele*, which has just been issued by Messrs. John Murray. Dr. Munthe's book is without doubt the most widely read contemporary autobiography, and it is good to hear that the author's eyesight has now recovered sufficiently for him to enjoy once again the scenes of which he writes with such outstanding skill

almost the privileges of a diplomat, and the tolerant observation of visiting royalty.

Paris, where Mrs. Glyn lived for some time during the war, working for hospital relief, and writing despatches for the American press, is the subject of her most realistic chapters, though here too, it is amusing to recognise that inimitable touch, which, in describing a bombardment, makes the author write "the Jockey Club was hit soon after, and . . . the Ritz itself was struck once." The use of the word "itself" in this connection is enough to point the whole difference between the writing of Mrs. Glyn and of her successors.

Probably we live in a duller world than the one the author inhabits in fact and in theory; certainly most of us are less idealistic, and perhaps one in a million has that devotion to the pursuit of romance that has been her life quest, but Mrs. Glyn is prodigal of her adventures and her enthusiasms, and for a little while at least we can share them.

If I could quote only one line from this most quotable book I would choose one from a later chapter; "I was much struck by the fresh well-nourished look of everyone in America." No explorer in the wildest country can have paid his hosts so handsome a tribute.

The two pilots of the Everest Flight Expedition, Squadron-Leader Lord Clydesdale and Flight-Lieutenant M'Intyre, are responsible for **THE PILOT'S BOOK OF EVEREST** (William Hodge. 10s. 6d.), which I should imagine was one of the most matter-of-fact accounts of such an heroic undertaking that has ever been written.

The difficulties, not to choose a stronger word, of flying over Everest can be imagined when one realises the "ceiling" of the aeroplanes used for the flight was not more than 34,000 ft., whereas Everest itself is 29,000 ft., and that further complications to the flight were the tremendous down draught of thousands of feet which occurs near the summit, and the snow streamer six miles long which is a permanent result of the great winds.

When you add to this the fact that the pilots and observers would be hampered by very thick, electrically-heated clothes, gloves, and masks, and that they had to fight continually against the currents which might dash them sideways against a mountain wall or suck them down to a fatal crash, and that at that altitude there is always the great danger of torpor and even unconsciousness, the success of the expedition seems nothing short of miraculous.

It would be misleading to say that the authors write with modesty. They write as if there were not even a need for modesty in describing an interesting, but after all, purely routine job. A really exciting book to buy for yourself and keep for your son.

There have been several novels with euthanasia as a subject, and there will in time, I expect, be a murder mystery written with euthanasia as the great alibi, but Miss Marguerite Steen's **RETURN OF A HEROINE** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) uses this subject in a different way, and only as an original kind of impetus to the action of the book.

Phœbe Jordan, the heroine under discussion, returns at the beginning of the story from two years in prison, to which she had been sentenced for killing her mother, a hopeless invalid. To the popular press, the majority of people who had read about the case, and the societies for the encouragement of euthanasia, she was a heroine. To her family in their squalid, genteel little house, and their life that was governed by the strictest of all the middle class conventions, she was a burden, a responsibility, and, secretly, a shame.

Here, one might say, is the perfect lay-out for a story of martyrdom, but the plot takes an unexpected twist, and Phœbe, instead of being an object for one's sympathy, develops a megalomania so overpowering that it is a form of madness, and leads her to ruin the lives of all the people who come into close contact with her. The final picture, of Phœbe with the rich old lady who has adopted her and who now waits on her like a servant, is a grim one, and the whole book is overcast with the same unnatural shadow.

Not a pleasant subject for a story, but the author's vigorous and dramatic writing saves it from mere sordidness. It interested me more than many of the novels I have read this season.

Miss Naomi Mitchison's parables, or sketches, or fairy stories—the publishers call them "fairy tales with a difference," which is a fairly adequate description—are disconcerting in the extreme. Miss Mitchison is a propagandist, and would not, I think, care for one to ignore this aspect of her writing. But propaganda in terms of wolves and fairies I find a little hard to assimilate.

THE FOURTH PIG (Constable. 7s. 6d.) is a collection of little stories (destined for no child that I have ever met), verses, and one play. Most of them, and particularly one poem, *The Furies Dance in New York*, have their own beauty, though some of them are difficult, and one of the stories completely defeated me.

The settings are modern; the versions of old fairy tales more modern still. They are not of the same school as Hamlet in modern dress, since their up-to-date variations have meaning in themselves, and are not extraneous novelties of which one may or may not approve. On the whole they are indescribable, and very well-worth reading, if only for the poem which begins;

"There used to be a pig on Princes Risborough hill."

The Lorenzo was not quite so magnificent as its name implies. It was, in fact, a second-rate apartment house in a second-rate quarter of an American city. **THE LORENZO BUNCH** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is the title which Mr. Booth Tarkington takes for his new novel; and it is the name by which the collection of middle-class people who inhabit that apartment house was known.

They led a kind of communal life, in which everybody's affairs are known, or appear to be known, by everybody else; and naturally the tongue of rumour and idle gossip is a very potent factor.

Mr. Booth Tarkington is known to a host of readers as an author for whom such a scene and such characters must make good entertainment. There is an element of comedy, of course, pointed with near-tragedy, the moral being the best of all *dénouements*. Nobody writes light fiction of this sort with quite the same insight and pleasant reality, and a good many of Mr. Tarkington's innumerable friends will agree that *The Lorenzo Bunch* is his best novel since *Alice Adams*.

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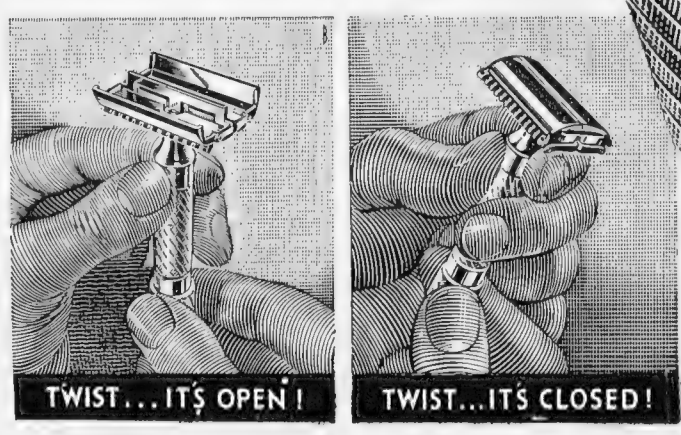

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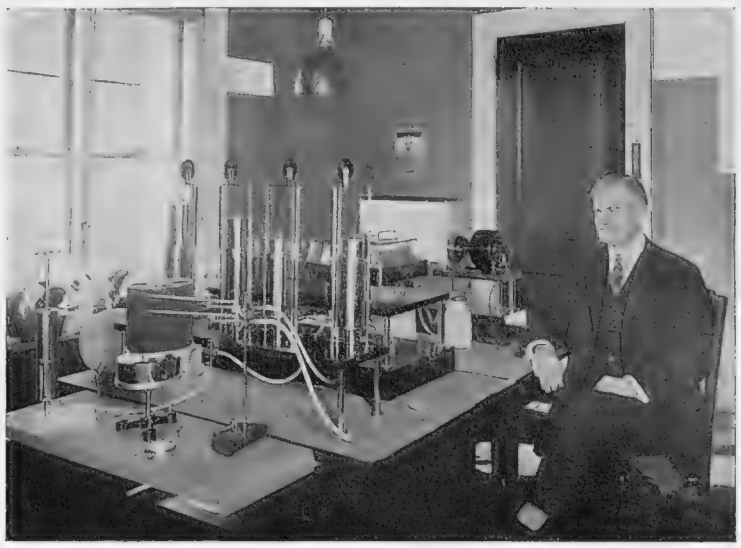
Meats, vegetables, cereals, and dairy products (as types of food) are pulled to pieces in the digestive tract. In simplified form the food materials ultimately enter the blood stream and are distributed to our bones, muscles, nerves, and other tissues. In the cells they meet oxygen, brought from the lungs, also carried by the blood. A chemical union takes place which liberates the heat energy of the food. At the same time the waste products of combustion (chiefly carbon dioxide) are formed, which are ultimately eliminated from the body.

It is upon the combustion of food materials that all of the life processes and the vital activities of the body depend. When the muscles are called upon to perform unusual tasks, as, for example, in swimming or running, combustion is accelerated. more oxygen is consumed, and waste products increase. On the other hand, there are conditions, as in sleep or in ill-health, when combustion drops below normal, and so the consumption of oxygen and the output of waste products decrease.



STUDYING LIFE PROCESSES: Dr. Francis G. Benedict, Nutrition Laboratory, Director of Carnegie Institution, Washington, with his multiple chamber respiration apparatus, which makes possible the simultaneous examination of four small animals in respect of the vital energy they release and of their reactions to varying types of diet. Recently a chick, a baby alligator, a white rat, and a dove were all tested at the same time

Scientists have discovered a way of measuring the delicate changes in the release of vital energy in this process, a process which is called metabolism. Thus they have at hand means for finding the answer to a great range of practical questions relating to the energy requirements of both man and the animals, and the nutritive value of different foods.

The Carnegie Institution, Washington, D.C., has established a special Nutrition Laboratory where many investigations of this nature are conducted. Scientists here have been busy trying to find a way to measure the heat output of the body. Warm-blooded animals are constantly giving off heat; the heat from a single person is equivalent to the heat radiated by a 100-watt lamp.

To measure this heat, an apparatus called a "Calorimeter" has been devised. It consists of a chamber in which a person or an animal may remain for long periods without discomfort. Water circulating through a system of pipes within the room carries off the heat developed by the subject. Knowing the temperature of the water as it enters and leaves the chamber, and the volume of flow, the investigator can readily calculate the heat given off by the subject. The amount of oxygen consumed and of carbon dioxide given off can also be determined.

However, this apparatus is expensive and unwieldy. It calls for several operators. It is being superseded by a simpler device based on information gained through the use of the calorimeter. The liberation of heat energy, the production of carbon dioxide, and the consumption of oxygen are all so closely correlated that when one of these factors is given the others can be calculated.

One litre of oxygen is consumed in burning 1·35 grams of sugar during which process about five calories of heat energy are liberated. Thus if the investigator measures the oxygen a person consumes, for example, in a five-mile run, he can readily and accurately determine the amount of fuel that has been oxidized during the time and the amount of heat-energy that has been released.

One of the first things learned from the investigations is that every animal is continually producing heat, even when in repose and without food. Even during sleep many activities are going on within the body—the heart is beating, the lungs are functioning, the muscles are in a state of tone, and various chemical processes are in progress. All of these involve the consumption of oxygen and the combustion of food elements with the liberation of heat.

In order to measure the heat energy set free in performing a certain piece of work, it is necessary to determine the heat production of the subject when he is lying in complete repose. This state comes after about thirty minutes of lying on a couch. The subject should not be too warm nor too cold; he should be awake; at least twelve hours should have elapsed since his last meal.

AUSTRIA ON THE EVE (Cont. from p. 550)

Blum, riven internally and viewed with little warmth internationally, is by no means cutting such ice at Vienna as once she did as the armed-to-the-teeth backer of the Little Entente, a circumstance which enables Austrians to stand up more to these Succession States that have so imposed themselves since Versailles. Again, Austrians seem to have decided that England, after the cold douche of sanctions, is not going to make heavy weather in Central Europe, or any kind of weather if she can help it, beyond being ready to favour an independent Austria, if need be under a restoration.

Modified conditions such as the above obviously clear the air for further action ahead.

There remain Rome and Berlin. Are they really engaged in a tugging match over Austria, as the partitioning from the war and the fears arising out of the peace would seem on the surface to suggest? Shrewd observers on the scene are inclined to the belief that a limited understanding has been forming between the two major dictators, but that Italy might well be reclaimed for a permanently independent Austria, even at this late juncture, were she soothed and her path rendered easier in other directions.

How well off and qualifiedly happy was that old ramshackle empire beside the vexed agglomeration with which it was replaced, *containing more racial freedom maybe, yet also how much more powder, likely violence, and death!*

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NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

Foreign Tours.—Since most people like luxury and everybody—in theory at any rate—likes adventure, the slogan of Modern Touring, Ltd., of Carlton House, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1, is a well-chosen one. "Adventure in Luxury," they say, and looking through some of their brochures, one cannot help agreeing that the itineraries they plan certainly seem to have a spice of adventure about them, and the means by which they are carried out to deserve the adjective "luxurious." For instance, there is a twenty-eight day tour to Norway and Sweden, very well arranged, and including visits to a great number of interesting places, at an inclusive cost, from London back to London, of £49, 1st class travel throughout. This takes place twice during the present summer—the first is already under way—June 27, the second starts on August 1. Then there is an eighteen-day tour through Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Austria for £31, operating a number of times during the next two months, and another one to the Rhine and the Bavarian Alps which lasts only six days, as well as one or two going much farther afield to the Adriatic coast, Hungary, and so on. But Modern Touring will explain the whole range of their activities on request.

The Johannesburg Exhibition.—South Africa is expecting a tremendous influx of extra visitors next winter in connection with the great Empire Exhibition that will mark the bi-centenary of Johannesburg's foundation. As a matter of fact, more and more people every year are taking advantage of the marvellous South African climate to escape from England during the coldest and wettest months, and they come back tremendously impressed with the wealth and beauty of the country.

This year, from September until the beginning of January there will be a 25 per cent. rail fare reduction available to those visiting South Africa, from the port of arrival to Johannesburg, and this will also apply in the case of extended tours which include a visit to Johannesburg. It is also of interest to note that the Blue Funnel and White Star Aberdeen Joint Service are offering reduced return fares for some of their sailings during the same period.

Summer Sports in the Arlberg Districts.—The laborious slopes above St. Anton am Arlberg up which so many tyro skiers toil during the winter months, only to descend them on their faces a few minutes later, are now flower covered and luscious looking as only Austrian meadows know how to be. The ski-school gives place in summer to a mountaineering school, and instead of skating there is fishing, swimming, and sunbathing. At St. Christoph auf dem Arlberg (note the subtle distinction), twenty minutes drive away, they now have an "annual benediction of motor cars," and this year it takes place on July 26. Since motor cars came within his province, St. Christopher must have been kept one of the busiest of all the patron saints.

Johannesburg Host to the Empire: An Austrian Winter Sports Centre as it is in Summer

MAIDS OF THURINGIA in the Schwälmer dress, which in this part of Germany is worn by women of all ages, and the quaintest feature of which is the headgear. Since the coming of the Nazi régime a movement has been on foot to persuade peasants to wear their traditional costumes more often, particularly on Sundays and holidays

Drawn by Percy Home

HARDERWIJK: A street scene in the picturesque little port on the south-eastern shores of the Yselmeer (formerly the Zuyder Zee). The town can be reached conveniently by rail from Amersfoort Junction

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

A number of letters have reached us lately asking about ways of getting to Greece and the Greek islands, which seems to show that the notion of the Eastern Mediterranean being quite intolerably hot during the summer months no longer carries as much weight as it used to. With regard to Cyprus, it is worth noting that many British residents in Egypt go there regularly for summer holidays and that the climate of the mountain resorts at the western end of the island is delightfully invigorating. There are various routes to Corfu: (1) *Air.*—Air France run a weekly service, which leaves London on Wednesday for Marseilles. One night is spent in Marseilles and the plane arrives at Corfu on Thursday. The return fare is £36 and single £20. (2) *Train and Boat.*—London to Venice second-class return, £17 17s. 4d.; second-class sleeper, £3 13s. 4d. one way; second-class return Venice-Corfu, £8. The Lloyd-Triestino boat leaves Venice at midnight on Tuesday and arrives at Corfu on the following Sunday; these are small slow boats, but very comfortable. You will see the route on page six of the enclosed booklet. Your best plan would be to catch the four p.m. train from Victoria-Calais-Venice on Monday, arriving eight p.m. Tuesday, and, of course, you could dispense with a sleeper if you wished. Another route is London-Paris-Brindisi and at Brindisi there is a Greek line to Corfu. We do not, however, recommend this route, as it means two nights in the train, and the Greek service to the islands is not very comfortable. (3). *Boat.*—The Ellerman Line run cargo boats carrying passengers from London to the Piraeus, stopping en route at Corfu. The journey takes approximately 12 days, and the single fare is about £13. There are no definite time-tables, but the boats run once a month usually. Apart from the air service, we think the best route is London–Venice–Corfu. Corfu is quite one of the most charming of the Greek islands, and there are two or three very comfortable hotels. There is one run by a Swiss, which is cheap, clean, and comfortable. Unfortunately, we have not the name, but there will be no difficulty in obtaining this on arrival in Corfu; we believe it is called the Helvetia. We have made enquiries from recent travellers to Italy, and are informed that there is no feeling of hostility towards English people—on the trains at least. [Ref. E.B. 66. June 6, 1936.]

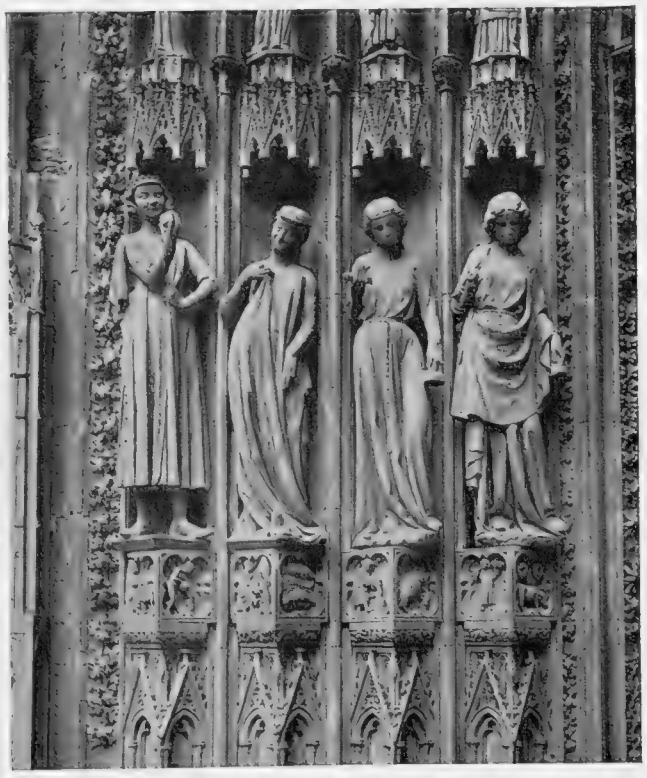
CYPRUS.

The - Lloyd Triestino run a service between the Piræus and Cyprus. There are fortnightly sailings, boats leaving the Piræus on Wednesday and arriving at Cyprus on Saturday. There is also a weekly service of Greek boats which leave the Piræus every Thursday. The Italian boats are very small but comfortable. If you decide to go by the Greek line, we strongly advise you to write to Cook's or the American Express in Athens before your arrival, and ask them to reserve a cabin for you, as the Greek local lines have a habit of booking a berth two or three times over, though this would be less likely on the Cyprus route. It is also advisable to ask for "de luxe" accommodation; this is not very expensive. There is no doubt you would prefer the Italian boats, but it may not be possible for you to arrange your time-table to catch the fortnightly boat. The Grande Bretagne is the best hotel at which to stay in Athens. [Ref. E.B. 63. June 5, 1936.]

TO SWITZERLAND BY CAR.

The following suggestion for motoring to Switzerland is a suitable appendix to the article on that lovely country published in our last issue. It will be remembered from an earlier note that foreign motorists in Switzerland enjoy the benefit of specially reduced petrol prices at present. We have studied the various routes to Switzerland with a car, and as you do not like France, we suggest that you go Calais - Lille-Brussels-Aix-la-Chapelle-Cologne. We do not think, however, that you will find it a more interesting drive, than via France, as on the whole the country is flat and uninteresting. From Cologne you could go down the Rhine to Coblentz-Rudesheim-Mainz - Worms - Ludwigshafen-Karlsruhe - Baden-Baden - Freudenstadt - Freiburg - Titisee - Schaffhausen - Winterthur - Zürich - Zug - Lucerne - Interlaken-Thun-Bern. This part of the tour is very lovely and from Bern, we suggest you try the following route, which is through very picturesque

(Continued on page 586)



ADORNING STRASBOURG'S MEDIEVAL CATHEDRAL: These statues representing the foolish virgins of the Bible story are a dominant feature of the elaborately carved façade of the building and always arouse intense interest among tourists. The facial expressions, so full of animation, reveal the figures as the work of a craftsman or craftsmen of more than ordinary artistic ability

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4 will be promptly answered

ROYAL NORFOLK HOTEL, BOGNOR REGIS

IN THE SUNNIEST POSITION ON THE SEA FRONT

All public rooms face the sea and own grounds of three acres. Excellent cooking. Every comfort. Fully licensed. Bedrooms with balconies and electric fires. Hot and cold water throughout. Own garage for 30 cars—with private lock-ups. Telephone 40.

An Early Holiday?

. . . then Bude! A Cornish summer at its best. Prices lower. Long hours of glorious Atlantic sunshine . . . golf, tennis, motoring, fishing (trout), surf-riding, shooting. Surely the realisation of your holiday-ideal when allied to the comfort and amenities of a very first-class hotel.

THE GRENVILLE HOTEL, BUDE

Second to none in Cornwall.
Brochure with pleasure from the Management.

CARLYON BAY—South Cornwall's New Sporting Resort.

Mean Winter temperature within 1° of Cannes.

Golf. Covered and Open-Air Tennis. Squash Rackets. Hunting (3 Packs). Shooting. Fishing. Badminton.

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(St. Austell Bay Hotel)
THE BAYFORDBURY HOTEL
THE CORNISH RIVIERA CLUB
THE CARLYON BAY GOLF CLUB

Also a few small modern furnished houses, commanding magnificent sea views, to be let.

For full particulars apply to Dept. S, General Offices, Carlyon Bay, Cornwall. Telephone: Par 198; or to London Office, 12A, Charterhouse Sq., E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 7847.

THE GRAND HOTEL
CROMER

faces the sea on the West Cliff. It has suites with private bathrooms, hot and cold water in all bedrooms, hard tennis courts, ballroom, billiards, cocktail bar and large motor-garage, with private lock-ups.

Phone: Cromer 24. *Apply Manager.*

SEE DEVON

—as it is by car! And as it was at the

Royal Clarence Hotel

A.A. EXETER R.A.C.

. . . your first stopping place from London. A beautiful old Coaching House, whose walls reckon history in generations. Its comfort, its kitchens and its cellar spell solace to the weary traveller. Lift to all floors . . . running water. *Telephone: 4071-2. Telegrams: Royal Clarence, Exeter.* PLEASE WRITE FOR TARIFF AND ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE

The
CAIRN HYDRO HARROGATE

First Class Hotel with Accommodation for 300 Visitors, and a Full Suite of Medical Baths. Dancing every evening.

Tennis.

Golf Course 5 mins. away.

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Finest position on Sea Front.
Unequalled for Comfort and Cuisine.

Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.

Terms from **15/-** daily.

Telephone: Hastings 201. *Telegrams: "Queens, Hastings."*

In Quest of

Selsdon Park and Wickham
in an H

MOTORING in the built-up environs of Croydon it comes as a surprise when, on turning into the gates of Selsdon Park Hotel, you immediately find yourself in a stately park with hardly a roof visible. From that moment London has ceased to be, and you find yourself in another world; a very delightful world where the elegance and good taste of the decorations and furniture are matched by the peace of the gardens without.

There is romance at Selsdon Park, romance in its past history, for it was first mentioned in A.D. 861. Romance in its recent development as a residential hotel, for it is but twelve years ago that Mr. A. D. Sanderson, with the uncanny knowledge of one who never stumbles on the road to success, purchased the Selsdon Park Estate and took over the existing building—which at most could hold thirty people—gutted it, added to it, and then again and again, until to-day you always find some 200 people permanently in residence, and often a waiting list of those who will go to stay there when there is room.

I have rarely been in a place more up to date and more complete in its amenities. The wonder of it is that any business man lives in London with Selsdon Park so close and that Colonials ever settle down in the Colonies again after the luxury and the economy of living at Selsdon Park Hotel.

Let us make a tour of this achievement of modern enterprise. You enter an old oak-panelled lounge with mullioned windows and red casements, the original chapel of the house; through the solarium—a modern addition—consisting entirely of glass, comfortable tubular steel chairs, a rubber floor, and equipped with infra-red and ultra-violet lamps, on to a wide terrace looking south over the wooded hills of Kent and Surrey; 500 ft. up we get a fine view of a downward, rolling landscape of trees and greensward, and in the foreground the blue glint of the swimming pool, maintained at a constant temperature, and the eighteen-hole golf-course immediately adjoining the hotel grounds.

The 250 acres of grounds are beautifully kept; there are twenty gardeners continually at work, three women continually weeding! Inspect the kitchen garden, with its orderly rows of vegetables. Ageless cedars, smooth lawns, and rose gardens complete the impression of a "place in the country."

Within the hotel, lounges furnished so as to combine the elegance of the past with the comfort of the present, and a huge dining room panelled in polished birch. Deep carpets everywhere, and bedrooms and suites with the last word in everything.

For the active there are golf on the doorstep, tennis, bathing, squash, a gymnasium, and riding. For the gay

SELSDON PARK HOTEL

SANDERSTEAD SURREY

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

A DE LUXE HOTEL
(Now Greatly Enlarged)
AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.
FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.

Illustrated brochure on request.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, open-air swimming pool, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address—

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

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HEADLAND NEWQUAY

If you want a perfect holiday this year, write now for our new Book of photographic studies. It will convince you in pictures what no one could describe in words! 120 Bedrooms to choose from, all with Sea Views, or Private Suites. Black and Silver Ballroom—Philip Brown's Band.

Telephone: NEWQUAY 511 (3 lines). *Telegrams: "HEADLAND, NEWQUAY."*

Good Hotels

by ASHLEY COURTENAY

Court for Modern Luxury

Gothic Setting

spirits there is a dance every Saturday night, and a jovial *je ne sais quoi* peculiar to hotels such as this, where there is a continual coming and going of the rich—idle or otherwise!

Culinary perfection, a multitude of "quiet corners," accessibility to London, and a room with a view are other qualities which appeal to business men and those on leave from the Colonies, and to all lovers of the good things in life.

A few miles away in another hotel, under the same management—Wickham Court. Although Selsdon has a history, Wickham Court is the more historical.

Most of England's sixteenth-century remains are in the form of cottages, but here is the sixteenth century on a big scale, with bathrooms and refrigeration in place of dungeons and a portcullis. This is where I should choose for a honeymoon, whether it follow a first, silver, or golden wedding!

On the walls the Lennard family portraits look down with a mixture of indifference and satisfaction at the changes of the twentieth century. For indeed the changes have been well rung! All the original features are there, the stained-glass windows with the ringed devices of Henry VIII, and carved fire-places and lofty ceilings. And the transformation of Wickham Court into an hotel is really brilliant, in as far as there is none of that "art and craftiness" so often apparent in these reincarnations.

True the round towers have been cunningly transformed into bathrooms, but where better could a young lady choose to bathe than where her ancestors poured forth boiling oil on unwelcome visitors?

The furniture and decorations—to my confessedly unpractised eye—seemed to harmonise exactly with their surroundings. Pay a visit to the library, the original property of the historian Hallam.

There is a dance every Wednesday in the ballroom, and a constant motor service between the hotel and Selsdon Park, where fuller amenities for sport may be enjoyed.

It is not easy to sum up these two unusually good hotels. At Wickham Court one senses the atmosphere of the past, and at Selsdon Park one dwells on to-day and to-morrow.

What does amaze one at both, however, is the all inclusiveness of the terms. One wants for nothing. The good things of life are lavishly offered, and when one comes to pay the weekly account one is taken aback, at any rate at first, to find that "extras" are just non-existent.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

George last year spent his holidcy in the Mediterranean and returned just like a wet rag!

This year he will return fit to push a bus over after a really bracing holiday at the

Sheringham Hotel, Norfolk

A real Holiday Hotel. Fine Ballroom. Dancing Hostess and First-class Band in Season. Cocktail Lounge. Bathing. Gardens. Golf. Every Amenity and Service. Telephone: Sheringham 3.

THE GARDEN HOTEL Lincombe Hall OF TORQUAY

"I have never before stayed in an Hotel where one's wants seemed to be anticipated before one was aware of them. I do not know of any hotel where one is better looked after and catered for. I found myself living to eat, rather than eating to live!"

So wrote Mr. Ashley Courtenay in "The Sphere" last month. Come NOW and test the truth of Mr. Courtenay's example, for now is one of the loveliest times of the year at Lincombe Hall Hotel. Motor runs to the Beauty Spots of Devon — Picnics on Dartmoor — Golf, Fishing, Bathing, Tennis and an *embarras de choix* of healthful pleasure. And at the end of the day . . . a very good night indeed. Write to S. B. Paul for Illustrated Brochure.

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Fully Licensed

First-class, overlooking Sea, Marine Shelter. Running Water and Radiators in all Bedrooms.

Self-contained Suites
Billiards
Lift
Lock-up Garages

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BIG OCCASIONS.—Apart from Southport's permanent attractions both in and out of doors, there is nearly always something special on to justify a celebration, and where better celebrated than at the

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL

THE HUB OF SOCIAL SOUTHPORT

7 golf courses, countless cinemas, theatres, clubs, concerts . . . and at the week-end a glorious crescendo of activity culminating in the Saturday night dance at the Prince. Write to H. Gascoigne for details. Telephones: 4131.

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Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

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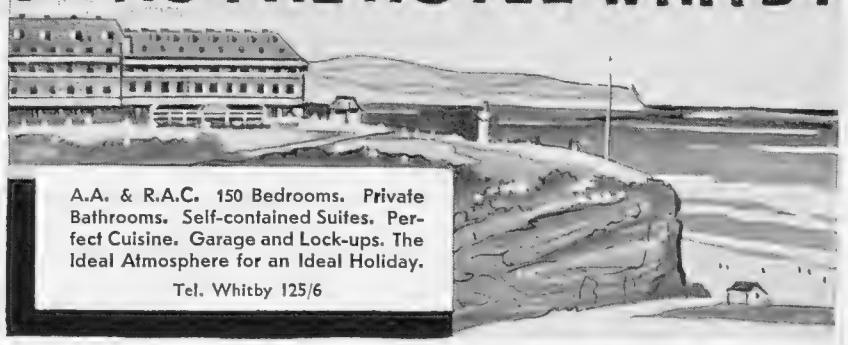

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FOLKESTONE — PRINCES' HOTEL

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. . . *an extract from our rather original booklet. May we send you a copy?*

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The Proprietor of Lodge Hill Hotel, Watersfield,

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Requests the pleasure of your inspection of his Luxuriously Appointed, Fully Licensed Hotel in 30 acres Pine-woods overlooking the Glorious

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and close to the West Sussex Golf Course and within easy Motoring distance of Goodwood.

Tel.: Bury 111. *R.S.V.P.*

CONTINUATIONS

THE TOLL OF THE ROAD IN WESTERN EUROPE

(Continued from page 566)

This increase of 432 accidents over the four months in question may not be due to the silence regulations; but it is good ammunition for critics.

I wish I had the Swedish figures for 1935. They ought soon to be available. Meanwhile, I have had occasion in Stockholm and throughout the Swedish provinces to study personally the effect of the complete prohibition of the motor horn. One notices the prohibition instantly on arrival at Stockholm. That lovely city is as silent as Venice; and whatever motorists may think, the rest of the population hails the prohibition as a blessing. The motorists are getting used to it, and most of them admit their early fears to have been groundless. There is, however, strong criticism of the application of the regulations to country districts, and it seems fairly certain that some kind of warning signal is desirable on country roads.

The introduction of special pedestrian crossings at busy centres is everywhere being imitated, and, as far as I have been able to learn, has everywhere justified itself. The question the authorities are considering is whether these crossings should become compulsory; and, further, whether the pedestrians should become subject to the same rules as motorists, with their crossing of streets controlled by the automatic light signals. This rule is in force in the busier parts of Rome, as, for example, along the Corso and at street junctions in the Via del Tritone between the Corso and the Piazza Barberini. It seemed to require an army of policemen to enforce it upon the Roman citizens, and there is no doubt that it is irksome. I have been late for more than one appointment in Rome as a result of it.

An interesting consideration for traffic authorities arises out of the fact that, at least in the majority of Continental cities for which the appropriate figures exist, the number of accidents in the central and busiest part of a city is less than that for the quieter parts of the same city. This in spite of the fact that the circulation of traffic and pedestrians in these central parts is infinitely more congested, as well as more numerous, than in the outside parts. For example, in the busy parts of the Hague there were 1,761 accidents in 1934 against 2,217 elsewhere. In the suburbs alone there were 1,408 accidents. Recent returns show the city proper to be the safest part of London.

This brings me to a curious opinion I have often heard. Explaining to a Berlin authority the low accident figures for Amsterdam and for the City of London, I received this reply: "the short, narrow streets of central Amsterdam are what keep the accidents in that city at a low figure." This is possibly an exaggeration, but it is undoubtedly true that old cities in which the traffic is confined by narrow streets, perplexed by sinuosity and checked by frequent half-concealed crossings, have a very low average of accidents. Caution seems in those instances to be forced more effectively upon the driver than is possible in wide, modern streets, constructed for the needs of modern transport. Bad road manners in these narrow streets are such obvious folly that even the most arrogant driver is forced to play safe. It is only when he gets into the outer parts of the city that his recklessness gets a chance.

Investigations lead me to agree with the conclusions of the Traffic Congress at Munich, which states that control in the cities by means of a highly-organised system of traffic police and light-signals, has proved, on the whole, to be effective. Cyclists and other slow-moving traffic continue to be a fruitful source of danger, and necessitate the taking of extraordinary measures. There obviously remains much yet to be done in such matters as the careful separation of the various categories of traffic, the closing of streets in central parts of a city to vehicles of little speed capacity, the construction of special ways, or sectional ways, for trams and cyclists, and the introduction of special crossings for pedestrians. But above all, the education of road users through intensive and continuous propaganda is essential.

Finally, it is interesting to see what the Dutch authorities believe to be the chief causes of the increase in their traffic accident figures. The figures for 1934 show an increase of 7 per cent. over those of 1933, and this is attributed to six causes:—(1) Increased traffic. (2) Bad condition and narrowness of many roads. (3) Improvement of roads, leading to increase of speed and recklessness. (4) Absence of separate bicycle paths. (5) Road repair and construction work. (6) Better and fuller statistical returns than in former years. These causes are, I believe, common to every West European country.

PLAYS, FILMS, AND BALLET

(Continued from page 569)

The scientific experiments have an air of plausibility. I am not, frankly, in a position to say whether such episodes as the research for an adequate treatment of anthrax are authentically represented, though it is probable that they are. But I do know that this episode has, like several others, genuine dramatic interest, and that, so far from being as dull to the lay mind as it may seem to be, it is most profoundly moving.

Mr. Paul Muni as Pasteur should be praised for much more than a pictorially exact make-up. He was heroic without "flinging his weight about."

Miss Anita Louise (Madame Pasteur) had merely to circle round her husband with the sort of adoring sympathy associated with Mrs. Gladstone. Here, again, was a fine performance, as far as possible removed from film-stardom as we know it, unfortunately, only too well.

Our own Lister turned up in the person of Mr. Halliwell Hobbes, not a large part, yet an important one.

I would not like to scare away those who go to the films for entertainment only—and why shouldn't they?—by suggesting that this story of Pasteur is a piece of meticulous biography without any entertainment value at all. It is full of human entertainment, and should appeal to all whose intelligence is not subnormal.

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

(Continued from page 583)

country, as far as Rheims. Bern-Neuchatel-Pontarlier-Besançon-Langres-Chaumont-Joinville-Vitry-le-François-Châlons-sur-Marne-Rheims-Laon-La Fère-St. Quentin-Amiens-Abbéville-Boulogne-Calais. A detailed itinerary would be supplied by the A.A. or R.A.C. [Ref. E.B. 68. June 8, 1936.]

SOME ENGLISH SEASIDE PLACES.

The following letter is in reply to a query regarding the South Coast. Bexhill is a very nice place, but it will hardly suit you as it has a shingle beach. Swanage would be very suitable for children as it is quiet and has an excellent sandy beach. We can recommend the Grand Hotel or the Royal Victoria. We think Dymchurch would be altogether too quiet for you, although it is also ideal for children and the beach is very fine sand. We are inclined to think that you would like Weymouth as it is both suitable for children and there are many distractions for the grown-ups. It has a very fine sandy beach and there are several excellent hotels; the Gloucester, Royal, and Burdon can be thoroughly recommended. Probably the Gloucester would suit you best, and the terms would not exceed the figure mentioned in your letter. It would be advisable to write immediately and book your accommodation and obtain terms, as August is the holiday month. [Ref.: E.B. 62. June 4, 1936.]

Reference was made in THE SPHERE of June 20 to the fact that the Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire Regiments [formed part of the force stationed in Palestine to deal with the Arab riots. This should have read Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment.

SCOTLAND.

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Telephones: 31295-6 — Melville Crescent — Telegrams: "Melcrest, Edinburgh"
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Largest and most modern Hotel in West Highlands, 122 Rooms, Electric Light, Central Heating, Lift, Modern Bathrooms. All Bedrooms fitted with hot and cold running water. MODERATE CHARGES.
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Telephone 14. Further Particulars apply Manageress.

Scotland's Hotel, Pitlochry
First-Class Family and Residential Hotel
Excellent Cuisine. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms.
Electric Light. Garage for 40 Cars.
Telephone 39. Telegrams: "Scotlands, Pitlochry."
S. W. Keeble, Manager.

Peebles among the Pines for Pleasure
From the first sweet breath of its pine-clad hill air, Peebles gives health and pleasure; in the heart of the romantic Scottish Borderland, with a gay round of pleasures to make every day of your stay memorable. Golf Competitions, Swimming Galas, Tennis Tournaments, Putting, Croquet, Badminton; Bridge Drives, Resident Orchestra, Dancing every evening. Fully licensed.
WRITE FOR TARIFF
PEEBLES HYDRO

AVENUE HOTEL HARROGATE
A very attractive hotel in the north
— for the "CURE" and the EPICURE!
Close Baths, principal Shops, etc. Excellent food, and special "Cure" diets, if desired. Comfortably furnished rooms. Pleasant restful atmosphere. Resident Bridge Hostess. From £4 4 0 weekly. Illustrated brochure "M" on request.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

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Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. 'Phone 3235-6.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Blackpool.—The Headlands Private Hotel.
Bognor Regis.—Carlton Hotel. 'Phone 656.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Carlyon Bay.—St. Austell Bay Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Eastbourne.—Hydro Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exford, nr. Minehead.—Crown Hotel. 'Phone 43.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes' Hotel.
Guildford.—Tangley Hall. Tel. Shalford 179.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel. Tel. 3015-3016.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Regent Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyndhurst (Hants.).—Holmfield Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Middleton-on-Sea (Sussex).—Southdean. Tel. 8.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. 511.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Hotel.
Rye (Sussex).—Old Hope Anchor. Tel. 126.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Shaldon (S. Devon).—Undercliff Hotel.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Waverley Hotel Ltd., Promenade.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. 'Phone 2671.
Tavistock (Devon).—Bedford Hotel. Tel. 37.
Tewkesbury, Gloucester.—Royal Hop Pole Htl.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—Westcliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Whitby.—Royal Hotel.
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel.

LONDON
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Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.

NORTHERN IRELAND
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Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

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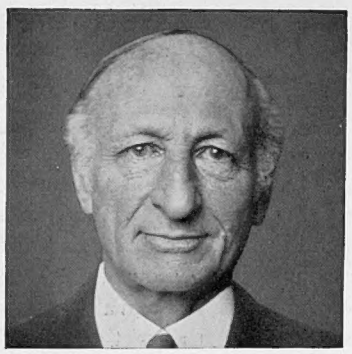
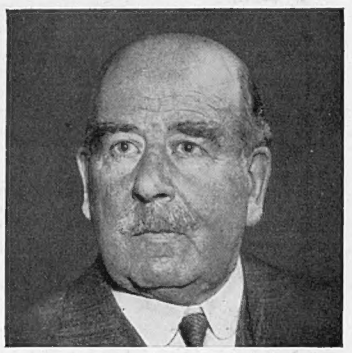


SCIENCE AND PUBLIC SERVICE: *Left*—Mr. Albert Charles Seward, Professor of Botany, Cambridge University, and Master of Downing College, who receives a Knighthood in the King's Birthday Honours List. *Right*—Sir Malcolm Hailey, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., D.Litt., lately Governor of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, is one of the four new Barons



POLITICS AND ART: *Left*—The Right Hon. Joseph A. Lyons, Prime Minister of Australia, who has been made a Companion of Honour. *Right*—Mr. E. Guy Dawber, R.A., F.R.I.B.A., Vice-President and Chairman of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, is to be knighted

Extreme left—AIR ACE HONOURED: Miss Jean Batten, heroine of a lone South Atlantic flight, receives the C.B.E. *Left*—Mr. George Gater, Clerk of the London County Council, a knighthood

THE DUCHESS OF KENT receiving the members of the committee when she opened the new £8,000 extension to the Queen's Nurses' Home in Wellington Road, Brighton

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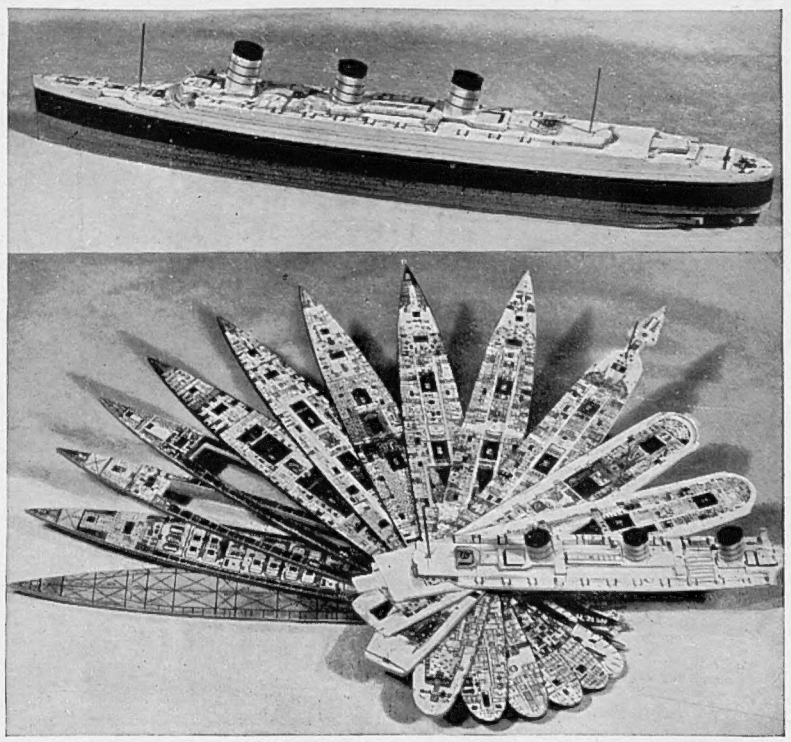

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